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REVIEWS.

Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair. By Henry Morley. (Chapman & Hall.)

HAVING last week described to our readers a periodic festival that yet lives and flourishes amongst us, we have now to revive their reminiscences of one which, though it only ceased to exist a few years since, had for many years previously lost all vitality, except perhaps such as attached to the vice that still clustered round it. Widely different indeed were Bartholomew Fair and the Scouring of the White Horse. For the bracing air and open scenery of the Berkshire hills was scarcely more unlike the fetid atmosphere and crowded lanes of Smithfield and its purlieus, than were the wholesome objects and masculine tendencies of the one commemoration to the impure vulgarities and festering vice of the other. Yet we may derive this common lesson from both, that such observances have a remarkable tenacity of existence, as long as any element of reality still belongs to them, and that they will continue to struggle against great disadvantages, while they still answer to any actual wants of the national or local life. In spite of repeated protests and petitions from the respectable inhabitants of the neighbourhood—in spite of the crimes and debauchery which it fostered—Bartholomew Fair suffered little loss of popularity or dignity, while its peculiar class of entertainment responded to a popular craving. On the other hand, a most imperfect tradition of an exceedingly remote event, has been sufficient to keep alive a custom, recurring only at long intervals, and in a thinly populated district, for no other reason apparently, than that it appeals to a deeply seated instinct, and a special provincial enthusiasm. The inference is worth suggesting, lest people should be apt to suspect that the ceremonial described to us by the author of "Tom Brown," had merely an artificial existence, and was kept alive by the *dilettante* enthusiasm of a few fashionable residents.

The Priory of St. Bartholomew was founded by a Court "jester," in token of repentance for his sins, in the reign of King Henry I. Between that period and the Reformation the festival, subsequently known as the Fair of St. Bartholomew, underwent numerous transformations. It was from the first, however, connected with the business of buying and selling. Thoroughly to understand its origin the reader must peruse for himself the second chapter of Mr. Morley's volume, in which the History of Fairs is treated of. But we may state briefly, that previous to the foundation of the Priory, a market, called "the King's Market," had been held near Smithfield; though whether this was of weekly or yearly occurrence our author does not inform us. But, at all events, it is plain that out of the two elements, the concourse of pilgrims to the miraculous shrine of St. Bartholomew, and the concourse of traders to the King's Market, Bartholomew Fair grew up. The forged miracles exhibited to the first-mentioned class, by a natural process gave way to the whole imitative tribe of jugglers and mystery players. And these three elements—the religious, the dramatic, and the commercial, first the one predominating and then the other—flowed on together till the

great ecclesiastical disruption. We shall extract as much of Mr. Morley's chapter upon Fairs as may supply our readers with the main facts of their history:

"The first fairs were formed by the gathering of worshippers and pilgrims about sacred places, and especially within or about the walls of abbeys and cathedrals on the feast days of the saints enshrined in them. The sacred building often was in open country, or near some village too small to provide accommodation for the throng assembled at its yearly feast of dedication. Then tents were pitched, and as the resources of the district would no more suffice to victual than to lodge its flying visitors, stalls were set up by provision dealers and by all travelling merchants who look to a concourse for opportunity of trade. Thus in the time of Constantine, Jews, Gentiles, and Christians assembled in great numbers to perform their several rites about a tree reputed to be the oak Mambre under which Abraham received the angels; at the same place, adds Zosimus, there also came together many traders, both for sale and purchase of their wares. St. Basil, towards the close of the sixth century, complained that his own church was profaned by the public fairs held at the martyr's shrines. Under the Fatimite Caliphs, in the eleventh century, there was an annual fair held even on Mount Calvary. . . .

"There were the fairs of St. James, St. Denis, St. Bartholomew, and at first their duration used to be for the natural period of three days: the day of assembling on the eve of the feast; the feast day; and the day following; when there were farewells to be said to friends, matters of business to further among strangers, and fairings (relics perhaps, or images of saints, the ancestry of our small figures in gilt gingerbread) to be procured for relatives at home, before the general dispersion of the holiday assembly. . . .

"To add to the attractions of a fair, and more especially to induce the rich and powerful to resort to it with full purses in their pursuit of pleasure, amusements were introduced. The best entertainment offered to the curious in the first days of modern history was to be found, not in fixed cities, but among the tents of those great shifting capitals of trade. Thus the nobles of Languedoc betook themselves in pleasure parties to the fair of Beaucaire, the nobles of Normandy to that of Guibray, German princes and lords amused themselves once a year at Frankfort and Leipsic, and in Bartholomew Fair there was entertainment good enough for royal visitors."

Mr. Morley has given us some remarkably curious illustrations of the old miracle plays, in all of which the Devil is a prominent figure. We must remember that Satan, on such occasions, was entrusted with a principal share of the comic business; and in one drawing of the kind his Majesty is represented with a countenance that would have made his fortune on the London stage, while he handles a diminutive "soul" in a style that reminds us strongly of a favourite living actor when embarrassed with a property baby. We have too some entries from the account books of the Coventry Theatre, at which it is impossible not to smile, though we question if Mr. Morley did well to insert them all. Among the unobjectionable ones are a gilt faulchion for Herod, who is drawn as "a gorgeous boaster." A quart of wine paid for the hire of Pilate's wife's gown. Fourpence to an actor called Fawston for hanging Judas, and fourpence to the same individual for acting the cock.

All the regular fairs of the period had their own special courts of justice for the trial of offences committed on the spot, whether crimes of violence or of fraud. At St. Bartholomew's was the court of Piepowder, for which numerous learned derivations have been suggested; none, however, seeming more probable than the commonly

accepted one of *pieds poudreux*—"dusty feet"—i.e. the Court of the Pedlars. We suppose we ought not to quit this portion of Mr. Morley's volume without extracting his picture of the Fair in its mediæval period, as it is a passage which he has evidently elaborated with some care:

"Thus we have in the most ancient times of the Fair, a church full of worshippers among whom were the sick and maimed, praying for health about its altar; a graveyard full of traders, and a place of jesting and edification, where women and men caroused in the midst of the throng; where the minstrel and the story-teller and the tumbler gathered knots about them; where the sheriff caused new laws to be published by loud proclamation in the gathering places of the people; where the young men bowled at ninepins, while the clerks and friars peeped at the young maids; where mounted knights and ladies curvetted and ambled, pedlars loudly magnified their wares, the scholars met for public wrangle, oxen lowed, horses neighed, and sheep bleated among their buyers; where great shouts of laughter answered to the Ho! ho! of the devil on the stage, above which flags were flying, and below which a band of pipers and guitar beaters added music to the din. That stage also, if ever there was presented on it the story of the Creation, was the first Wild Beast Show in the Fair; for one of the dramatic effects connected with this play, as we read in an ancient stage direction, was to represent the creation of beasts by unloosing and sending among the excited crowd, as great a variety of strange animals as could be brought together, and to create the birds by sending up a flight of pigeons. Under foot was mud and filth, but the wall that pent the city in shone sunlit among the trees, a fresh breeze came over the surrounding fields and brooks, whispering among the elms that overhung the moor glittering with pools, or from the Fair's neighbour, the gallowes. Shaven heads looked down on the scene from the adjacent windows of the buildings bordering the Priory inclosure, and the poor people whom the friars cherished in their hospital, made holiday among the rest. The curfew bell of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the religious house to which William the Conqueror had given with its charter the adjacent moorland, and within whose walls there was a sanctuary for loose people, stilled the hum of the crowd at nightfall, and the Fair lay dark under the starlight."

After the Reformation, Bartholomew Fair flourished with unabated vigour; for though the clergy had no longer any interest in throwing a veil over its debaucheries, yet powerful courtiers had. The Priory, together with the rights formerly exercised by the monks, had been granted to the founder of the Rich family, who was Solicitor-General to Henry VIII., and afterwards Lord Chancellor, and under his auspices no great change appears to have taken place in the festival. The place of the old mysteries was supplied at first by the "Moralities"—in which "Virtues" took the place of scriptural characters, and subsequently by productions more nearly resembling the regular drama. But the period intervening between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion is that which Mr. Morley has illustrated with less command of facts than any other. In lieu of these he has given us a long abstract of Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, which is tedious, interspersed with some political and theological observations of his own, which are trivial. He abuses William III., for instance, for arresting a Jack Pudding who had reflected sarcastically on his want of success at sea; comparing him with what he is pleased to term "the high-minded statesmen of the Commonwealth;" the fact being, that if literary or dramatic abuse was comparatively

unnoticed by earlier governments, it was because neither pamphlets nor plays had acquired that vast political power which they wielded after the Revolution. Though in our day the power of the press has, in a general sense, been greatly magnified, it has even less power to injure individuals, whether in a public or private capacity, than it had at the period in question. That general publicity which the press itself has been mainly instrumental in establishing, has superseded the demand for its inquisitorial functions. As there is little hidden, there is consequently little to expose. The pretence of "the public good" is cut away. And personal attacks are now in nine cases out of ten so manifestly the offspring of personal motives, that the public, however it may admire their poignancy, is but very rarely affected by their substance. But where public critics, be they journalists, pamphleteers, or actors, are sufficiently important to be listened to, without being strong enough to maintain an independent position, or numerous enough to ensure the truth being spoken on both sides, then without doubt they may exercise a species of influence over the public mind which a government might be justified in restraining. Such was the state of the press at the end of the seventeenth and through a great part of the eighteenth century; and the feeling entertained by government towards literary assailants easily communicated itself to all sorts of caterers for public excitement. William III., therefore, might be right or wrong in imprisoning the luckless satirist of Bartholomew. But it is no condemnation of him to remind us that the men of the Commonwealth could afford to act otherwise.

Throughout the seventeenth century the licence of St. Bartholomew was made the channel of much political satire. But at the Restoration an event took place which permanently affected the fortunes of the Fair. The theatres having been closed during the Protectorate, many of the actors had taken refuge in the houses of their patrons among the nobility, of whom not the least zealous was the family to whom the site of the Fair belonged. This led to several performances in its immediate neighbourhood. "At the Restoration," we are told:

"The old actors who survived were formed into a company that performed at several of the old playhouses, including the *Red Bull* in St. John Street, until the new theatres were built, for the erection of which Killgrew and Davenant had, in 1660, each received a patent."

The "legitimate drama," thus naturalised in the district, seems never to have wholly quitted it till the final decay of the festival. But the most remarkable and interesting features connected with the association of the two, belong to the following century. Before entering upon this period, Mr. Morley devotes a chapter to the public enthusiasm for monsters which distinguished the Augustan age. This chapter, though merely compiled from the old newspaper advertisements of the day, and without any special bearing upon the subject of the book, is very amusing, and we cannot bring ourselves to find fault with its introduction. A most extraordinary collection is here brought together of babies with three legs, women with three breasts, the strongest men in the world, the biggest men in the world, the smallest men in the world, dwarf women who "discourse excellently well," wild men of the woods, *et hoc genus*

omne, till we come to imagine that the manufacture of frames, crutches, and false limbs must have been a lucrative branch of trade by itself. The gravity of the following is delightful:

"There was exhibited by David Cornwell, a man who drew stumps for ten shillings and teeth for five, at the Ram's Head in Fenchurch Street, the 'Bold Grimace Spaniard,' who 'liv'd 15 years among wild creatures in the Mountains, and is reasonably suppos'd to have been taken out of his cradle, an Infant, by some savage Beast, and wonderfully preserv'd, 'till some Comedians accidentally pass'd through those parts, and perceiving him to be of human Race, pursu'd him to his Cave, where they caught him in a Net. They found something wonderful in his Nature, and took him with 'em in their Travels through Spain and Italy. He performs the following surprising Grimaces, viz.: He lolls out his Tongue a foot long, turns his Eyes in and out at the same time; contracts his Face as small as an Apple; extends his Mouth six Inches, and turns it into the shape of a Bird's Beak, and his eyes like to an Owl's; turns his mouth into the Form of a Hat cock'd up three ways; and also frames it in the manner of a four-square Buckle; licks his Nose with his Tongue, like a Cow; rolls one Eyebrow two Inches up, the other two down; changes his face to such an astonishing Degree, as to appear like a Corpse long bury'd. Altho' bred wild so long, yet by travelling with the aforesaid Comedians 18 years, he can sing wonderfully fine, and accompanies his Voice with a thorough Bass on the Lute. His former natural Estrangement from human Conversation oblig'd Mr. Cornwell to bring a Jackanapes over with him for his Companion, in whom he takes great Delight and Satisfaction."

Passing over the days of "puppets," or Bartholomew babies, as they were called, we come to the time when actors of good standing did not scruple to appear upon the booths. Penkethman and Doggett, though of very unequal reputation, both condescended to study the humours of the Fair. Both are noticed in the *Spectator*. The first in that humorous account of the Projector in the 31st number, where it is proposed that "Penkethman should personate King Porus upon an elephant, and be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great upon a dromedary, which, nevertheless, Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus." Doggett is, of course, spoken of in very different terms. He is commended (No. 502) as an admirable and genuine actor; and his appearance at Bartholomew Fair in some measure prepares us for the spectacle of a totally different kind of luminary belonging to a far higher sphere. "The simple act of turning over old newspapers," says Mr. Morley, "imposed as a duty on the writer of these memoirs, first brings to light the fact that Fielding, on beginning life in London, at once looked to the Fairs as a source of income, and was a boothkeeper during not less than nine years of his life." This is a most curious discovery, and may possibly account for the fact that none of Fielding's powerful friends did anything for him, during the first few years that followed his return from Leyden. That a scion of the House of Denbigh should turn dramatic author would not have been felt as derogatory. But that he should have turned "strolling actor," and have the audacity to appear at Bartholomew at the very moment when the whole town was ringing with Pope's savage ridicule of the "Smithfield Muses," would of course be an unpardonable offence. Not the least interesting feature, however, of Mr. Morley's book, is the new light which is thrown

upon portions of the "Dunciad." It certainly seems that the opening couplet of the poem conveys a very one-sided impression. The Smithfield muses were not oftener brought to the ears of kings than the muses of royalty were brought to Smithfield. Many an author and actor employed himself to great advantage in adapting Covent Garden and Drury Lane pieces to the audience of the Fair.

Thus in 1728, the *Beggar's Opera* was played at Smithfield. In 1729, the *Country Wake* by Doggett, the very piece in which his acting had been so praised by the *Spectator*. At a later date *Tamerlane* and Fielding's *Miser* were produced before the same audience, and we might multiply instances at discretion. In the former piece Cibber himself played *Tamerlane*, being, as we can understand, his first appearance at the Fair, and recalling to our minds the pitiful good wish of Settle:

"Avert it heaven, that thou, my Cibber, e'er Shouldst wag a serpent tail in Smithfield Fair."

Cibber's offence which brought down on him the sarcasm of Pope, was that he had introduced into the regular drama those meretricious appliances of monsters and live animals which were used to stimulate the coarser tastes of Bartholomew. But, as we have seen, the accommodation was after all mutual; and plays were brought out at Smithfield in such good style that people of the best fashion, including even the Royal family, were accustomed to attend them. The example of Fielding seems to have been quite sufficient to counterbalance the ridicule of Pope. We find his appearance at the court of the "Mighty Mother" speedily followed by that of Mrs. Pritchard, one of the most virtuous and graceful actresses of the eighteenth century, whom Churchill, even, praised in his "Rosciad;" and of whom Dr. Johnson said that "when she appeared on the stage she seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding." Though to be sure he had observed just before that her playing was "quite mechanical." In private life he said "she was a vulgar idiot, she would talk of her gown." Fielding's last appearance at Bartholomew Fair was in 1736. His booth stood as usual in the George Inn Yard, and was advertised as "Fielding and Hippius's Booth." *Don Carlos* and the *Cheats of Scapin*, adapted from Molière, were the two plays; and Mrs. Pritchard played the part of *Loveit*, in which she had made her first hit at Bartholomew's. Another of his old company was Miss Binks, an actress of some note in her day. In 1737 Fielding entered at an inn of court, and henceforth his name disappears from the Fair bills. The other actors of celebrity who kept up the character of the Fair for another quarter of a century, were Yates, Lee, Woodward, and Shuter, the two last well-known for their connection with Goldsmith's comedies. Shuter played *Croaker* in the *Good-natured Man*, and *Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Woodward played *Lofty* in the former piece; but was so great a man that he refused the character of *Young Marlow* in the latter, fearing it would damage his reputation.

With Shuter "the history of the English stage parted entirely from the story of the Fair." In the "Citizen of the World," poor Goldsmith, who envied even a fire-eater his notoriety, rails severely at the fellows who make fortunes by these means; and, says, with bitter humour, that "another who jingles several bells, attached to his cap, is the only man I know of who has received

emolument from the labours of his head." The Fair was now doomed. Yet such was the vitality imparted by an existence of six centuries, that it lingered on for nearly another, and actually expired only three years ago. To show what it was like in the interim we extract Washington Irving's quaint and good-natured description of the Saturnalia it occasioned in that last stronghold of ancient customs, Little Britain:

"There are two annual events," says he, "which produce great stir and sensation in Little Britain; these are St. Bartholomew's Fair, and the Lord Mayor's Day. During the time of the Fair, which is held in the adjoining regions of Smithfield, there is nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The late quiet streets of Little Britain are overrun with an irruption of strange figures and faces; every tavern is a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window may be seen some group of loose companions, with half shut eyes, hats on one side, pipe in mouth, tankard in hand, fondling, and prosing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families, which I must say is rigidly kept up at other times among my neighbours, is no proof against this Saturnalia. There is no such thing as keeping maid-servants within doors. Their brains are absolutely set maddening with Punch and the puppet-show; the flying horses; Signior Polito; the Fire-eater; the celebrated Mr. Paap; and the Irish giant. The children, too, lavish all their holiday money in toys and gilt ginger-bread, and fill the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny-whistles."

This is Hogarth without his cynicism.

The show-booths were put down in 1840, by the advice of Mr. Charles Pearson, and then:

"The necessary result of these measures was that in a very few years, Bartholomew Fair was attended only by the proprietors of a few handfuls of ginger-bread, who had no protest to make against the last act requisite to complete the ceremony of internment, the suppression of the usual proclamation. Proclamation of Bartholomew Fair had been made since the year 1840 without any of the lustre shed of old by a gilt coach over the ceremony. The Mayors had withdrawn the formality as much as possible from public observation, until in the year 1850, and in the mayoralty of Alderman Musgrove, his worship having walked quietly to the appointed gateway, with the necessary attendants, found that there was not any Fair left worth a Mayor's proclaiming. After that year, therefore, no Mayor accompanied the gentleman whose duty it was to read a certain form of words out of a certain parchment scroll, under a quiet gateway. After five years this form also was dispensed with, and Bartholomew Fair was proclaimed for the last time in the year 1855. The sole existing vestige of it is the old fee of three and sixpence still paid by the City to the Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, for a proclamation in his parish."

Mr. Morley deserves considerable praise for the style in which this work is executed. He seems to have spared no pains to ensure its completeness, although he has unaccountably overlooked one or two of the most obvious sources of illustration. Not a single allusion to Pope, for instance, is to be found throughout the volume. Nor, among the copious and rather monotonous details of the last days of the Fair, is any room found for the genial American writer, whose sketches we have introduced above. But in spite of these drawbacks the book is a capital contribution to our antiquarian literature, and is written in a style too, that, with a few exceptions, hits the happy medium between pedantry and levity.

The History of Herodotus. A new English Version. Edited, with copious Notes and Appendices, &c., by George Rawlinson, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Assisted by Col. Sir H. Rawlinson, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S. Vol. III. (John Murray.)

THE Nine Books of Herodotus contain a vast variety of matter: so vast as to be surpassed only by the art with which a comprehensive unity has been made to inform the whole. In the execution of his great object, in the pursuit of his unparalleled investigation (*lorophy*), he traces the course of events from the time when the Lydian kingdom of Croesus fell before the arms of Cyrus (B.C. 546), down to the capture of Sestos (B.C. 478), an event which crowned the triumph of the Greeks over the Persians. Over this space of sixty-eight years he walks with a regular progress and truly dramatic development, delineating the advance of the Hellenic fortunes, from their first weak and divided efforts to resist Asiatic numbers, to their union as a nation, and the final triumphs in the memorable fights of Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea. But, as every school-boy knows, the digressions of Herodotus are even more valuable than the main thread of his narrative. Bruce and Carsten Niebuhr follow him *longo intervallo* in respect to accuracy of research and felicity of description. And his honour, as Mr. Rawlinson has amply shown in the biography which adorns the first volume of this great work,* is nobly free from stain. The Athenians, whom he really loved and whom he has been falsely accused of flattering, are described by him as prone to tyranny, easily deceivable, timid and wavering prior to Marathon. He points out great drawbacks in the characters of representative Athenians, such as Cleisthenes, Themistocles, Miltiades: and liberally accords the praise of valour, simplicity, love of truth, loyalty, and political wisdom, to the Persians, his natural enemies. The attacks of the Pseudo-Plutarch have been thoroughly canvassed by Mr. Rawlinson, and it has been proved that in one case only have they any pretence to foundation in fact, and, in all, that they proceed from a strange malignity of intention.

The present volume contains the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, with three essays appended to the first, and two each to the two latter books. We can hardly do better for our readers, than to present them with a specimen of either portion of the work; an extract from the translation, and an abstract from the Essays. Journals of a far heavier calibre than this will find their best energies taxed in order to give a book like the present the criticism it deserves and demands. We may confine ourselves to the humbler task of giving some notion of the real quality of what has been done.

The following is Mr. Rawlinson's translation of the Story of Cypselus (v. 92):

"The government of Corinth was once an oligarchy—a single race, called Bacchiadae, who intermarried only among themselves, held the management of affairs. Now it happened that Amphion, one of these, had a daughter, named Labda, who was lame, and whom therefore none of the Bacchiadae would consent to marry; so she was taken to wife by Aetion, son of Echebrates, a man of the township of Petra, who was, however, by descent of the race of the Lapithae, and of the

house of Ceneus. Aetion, as he had no child either by this wife, or by any other, went to Delphi to consult the oracle concerning the matter. Scarcely had he entered the temple when the Pythoness saluted him in these words—

"No one honours thee now, Aetion, worthy of honour—
Labda shall soon be a mother—her offspring a rock,
that will one day
Fall on the kingly race, and right the city of Corinth."

By some chance this address of the oracle to Aetion came to the ears of the Bacchiadae, who till then had been unable to perceive the meaning of another earlier prophecy which likewise bore upon Corinth, and pointed to the same event as Aetion's prediction. It was the following:—

"When 'mid the rocks an eagle shall bear a carnivorous lion,
Mighty and fierce, he shall loosen the limbs of many
beneath them—
Brood ye well upon this, all ye Corinthian people,
Ye who dwell by fair Peirene, and beetling Corinth."

(3.) The Bacchiadae had possessed this oracle for some time, but they were quite at a loss to know what it meant until they heard the response given to Aetion; then however they at once perceived its meaning, since the two agreed so well together. Nevertheless, though the bearing of the first prophecy was now clear to them, they remained quiet, being minded to put to death the child which Aetion was expecting. As soon, therefore, as his wife was delivered, they sent ten of their number to the township where Aetion lived, with orders to make away with the baby. So the men came to Petra, and went into Aetion's house, and there asked if they might see the child; and Labda, who knew nothing of their purpose, but thought their inquiries arose from a kindly feeling towards her husband, brought the child, and laid him in the arms of one of them. Now they had agreed by the way that whoever first got hold of the child should dash it against the ground. It happened, however, by a providential chance, that the babe, just as Labda put him into the man's arms, smiled in his face. The man saw the smile, and was touched with pity, so that he could not kill it; he therefore passed it on to his next neighbour, who gave it to a third; and so it went through all the ten without any one choosing to be the murderer. The mother received her child back, and the men went out of the house, and stood near the door, and there blamed and reproached one another; chiefly however accusing the man who had first had the child in his arms, because he had not done as had been agreed upon. At last, after much time had been thus spent, they resolved to go into the house again and all take part in the murder. (4.) But it was fated that evil should come upon Corinth from the progeny of Aetion, and so it chanced that Labda, as she stood near the door, heard all that the men said to one another, and fearful of their changing their mind, and returning to destroy her baby, she carried him off and hid him in what seemed to her the most unlikely place to be suspected, viz., a 'cypsel' or corn-bin. She knew that if they came back to look for the child, they would search all her house; and so indeed they did, but not finding the child after looking everywhere, they thought it best to go away, and declare to those by whom they had been sent that they had done their bidding. And thus they reported on their return home. (5.) Aetion's son grew up, and, in remembrance of the danger from which he had escaped, was named Cypselus, after the corn-bin. When he reached to man's estate, he went to Delphi, and on consulting the oracle, received a response which was two-sided. It was the following:—

"See there comes to my dwelling a man much favored of fortune,
Cypselus, son of Aetion, and king of the glorious Corinth.—
He and his children too, but not his children's children."

Such was the oracle; and Cypselus put so much faith in it that he forthwith made his attempt, and thereby became master of Corinth. Having thus got the tyranny, he showed himself a harsh ruler—many of the Corinthians he drove into banishment, many he deprived of their fortunes, and a still greater number of their lives."

* Mr. Rawlinson's Version of Herodotus was commenced about seven years since. A very able and interesting review of the first two volumes (published only this year) may be seen in the *Times*, Sept. 22 and 23, 1858.

This is a fair representative passage of the version; and may serve as a sufficient evidence of the pains-taking and scholar-like manner in which the task has been performed.

We now proceed to give the substance of a most valuable essay (No. II. appended to Book V.), which occupies forty-two of Mr. Rawlinson's octavo pages, and the subject of which is the history of the Athenians during the archaic period.

The early history of Athens is involved in even greater obscurity than that of Sparta, alike from the nature of the country and of its inhabitants. The out-of-the-way position and sterile soil of Attica failed to tempt the cupidity and attract the presence of foreigners. And the unwarlike character of the Athenians kept them no less from the consolidation of a great internal power, than from the origination of external enterprise. This peculiarity of the national genius is strikingly exemplified by the inferior and almost timid part played in the Trojan war by Menestheus, the Athenian chief; a hero, be it remembered, whose contingent numbered fifty sail. Only six of the confederates surpassed him in numbers, "yet neither he nor his troops are ever spoken of as earning the slightest distinction in the field."

Another cause of early Attic weakness and insignificance lay in the want of a "governing head." Philochorus names twelve petty states; and one of these (Tetrapolis) was a confederacy of itself. Theseus is reported, but on insufficient grounds, to have elevated Athens into the position of a real capital towards these little cantonal sovereignties. We say, on insufficient grounds; for there is plenty of evidence to indicate, generally, a far more gradual rise on the part of the mother-city; and, in particular, to mark the separate existence of the little domains in times long after Theseus. Their undoubted Pelasgic origin is reason enough for the military incapacity of the early Athenians. The Pelasgi were less enterprising, less vigorous, less warlike than the Hellenes. They had a sort of sturdy courage (*vide* Codrus and the long struggle of the Achæans), but no enterprise, no self-development. It was when Attica gained an Hellenic character that a military spirit grew strong amongst her people; and this character was acquired by the reception of refugees.

Athens first appears on the stage of Greek history, when, sixty years after the Trojan War, the Boeotians from Thessaly invaded the region north of Attica. The little peninsula received the fugitives, and brought the Boeotians down upon her; but Melanthus, her king, having slain Xanthus the Boeotian, Attica enjoyed a long tranquillity till the Dorian stream from the Peloponnese set her way. Codrus stemmed it; and his country entered on that longer period of profound and unbroken repose, which reaches from his own date (B.C. 1050) down to that of Solon (B.C. 600); a portion of her story which is, in fact, well nigh a blank, and which contrasts so strongly as well with the contemporary history of Sparta as with her own subsequent career. The Ionic migration is the greatest event, or series of events, in this long reach of time. The Thessalians crossed Mount Pindus; nation pressed upon nation; and three-fourths of the Greeks seem to have changed their abodes. All this time the internal history of Attica presents a series of slight, but significant changes from a monarchy to a narrow oligarchy, and several broadly-

marked institutions take their rise, which are interesting as having lasted down to the time of Cleisthenes. These institutions will be first noticed here; then the growth of the oligarchy, till its check from Solon; and, then, that statesman's measures.

The four tribes (Tribes) (Geloentes, Hopletes, Agicoreis and Argadeis, were the earliest division of the nation. Some regard them as an "ultimate fact," which we cannot analyse; others as an indication of "caste." *Malgré* Mr. Grote, the latter are probably right. But, long before Codrus, these tribes had become mere political divisions, a convenient basis for an organisation; tending to break down local barriers, and to unite a scattered confederacy. The most important and earliest division of the Tribes was into three Brotherhoods (*φάρμαι*) each: each Brotherhood into thirty clans (*γένη*); and each clan into thirty heads of families (*γενεῖραι*). The numbers below the Brotherhoods were probably ideal.

Mr. Grote thinks that the "families" were the unit, and that the other divisions were formed by aggregation. He grants our want of information, but yet denies that relationship entered into the notion of the gentilitical or phratric ties. In this view he follows Niebuhr, it is true; but, on the other hand, C. F. Hermann strongly insists upon the basis of relationship, and analogous evidence from the history of other nations (*e.g.* the Jews) points in the same direction.

In addition to the ties of consanguinity, religious rites and social advantages kept together the parts of the organisation. Each section had its own special rites. Clansmen had an interest in the property of every clansman. Before Solon's time, property could not be willed out of the clan; and naturalised foreigners were not admitted into brotherhoods or clans.

The division into Trittyes (Thirdings) and Naucraries is next examined. They were framed with a single eye to political purposes; they are fitly compared to the later Symmories, and they may be described as an association of householders, for the discharge of state duties and the joint undertaking of state burthens. It is remarkable that political privilege was not attached to either of the great state divisions in early times. Clans and phratryes may roughly resemble "gentes" and "curies," but Athens could not parallel the *Comitia Curiate*, nor the old assembly of Conscript Fathers, one from each of the three hundred "gentes." Similarly, the Trittyes and Naucraries may resemble the "centuries," but there is no *Comitia Centuriata*.

The mingling of high and low in the same sections points to a time when a real monarch used the people against the nobles. An *ἀρχα* of all freemen existed, doubtless, in heroic times; but it had disappeared between Codrus and Solon. The Eupatrids, their power increasing, abolished kingship and established archonship on the death of Codrus. Still the prerogative suffered little; the early archonship was a life office, with only a nominal responsibility; and the Medontidæ alone were eligible. On the other hand, hereditary right was gone; and at the death of an archon the Eupatrids chose his successor out of those descendants of Medon who were of an age to govern. This state of things lasted, according to tradition, for three centuries, whose history is a blank, but which probably formed a period of contented and prosperous boyhood, free from the partly noble, partly selfish

cravings of adolescence. At length, the aristocracy, advancing rapidly, fixed the term of office at ten years (B.C. 752), and thus the archon's responsibility became real. The fourth decennial archon (B.C. 712) acted cruelly, and another revolution was the result. The offending person was deposed; the right of the Medontidæ was forfeited for ever; and the board of nine annual archons was established. The means which, perhaps more than any other, enabled the Eupatrids to effect all this, was the gradual conversion of the *ἀρχα* into an Eupatrid assembly, giving them the chief appointments in the state. The Council or Senate, too, was always a powerful check on the weak kings. The senate of primitive times may be reasonably identified with the Areopagus; the single name of Æschylus overbalancing all the writers who make Solon the founder of the latter.

Thus, an oligarchy, closer than the closest at Rome, was firmly settled; of an all-monopolising character, whether as to office, property, or even franchise. They were harsh masters, and partial judges, as is proved by the demand for written laws, and by the universal poverty which Solon strove to remedy. This lasted for sixty years (684—624), at the end of which period discontent made itself heard so loudly, that the nobles made Draco chief archon, instructing him to make a written, but severe, code. They strove to crush and drown in blood the nascent democracy, and perhaps failed only accidentally. At any rate, there were now "scorpions for whips;" death was the almost universal punishment; and, within twelve years Cylon, an Eupatrid of the first rank, but supported by the ardent sympathy of the lower orders, took violent possession of the Acropolis. The whole Eupatrid body blockaded him: he fled, and his followers, forced to surrender, were sacrilegiously massacred even at the altar of the Eumenides. The victory was complete, but the characteristic "superstition" of Athens destroyed its effects. Their enemies were gone; but an everlasting curse in virtue of the massacre had come upon them and upon the state. Gloomy and bitter feelings sprung up, and alarming dissensions between "Hills," "Plain," and "Shore," were brewing. The Eupatrids put themselves into the hands of Solon.

An Eupatrid by birth, but forced by circumstances to engage in trade, Solon had unlearned exclusive notions, and fearlessly asserted the people's rights. Ordinarily he would have suffered for it: but now he offered himself as possibly the only saviour of the nobles. He was allowed to be at the head of affairs without office. First, he persuaded Megades and his supporters to stand trial for sacrilege, and to submit to exile. Then, he had Epimenides to purify the city, a very successful step; after which he was chosen Chief Archon, with power to modify or change Draco's laws as he pleased. This was in B.C. 594, eighteen years after Cylon, thirty after Draco. The recovery of Salamis from the Megarians was a great means of consolidating his rising power; and it was, no doubt, with the view of diverting the Athenians from their home affairs that he involved them in the first Sacred War (Circ. B.C. 600). In entering on his legislative office, Solon had the advantage of being connected in different ways with almost every class. His obstacles, however, were great. He had not only to reform a code, but to meet a financial crisis, insolvency;

widespread, and seemingly hopeless, having seized hold of the Attic population, and operating with results at least as disastrous as those which mark the annals of the early Roman Republic. The "Seisachtheia" of Solon has been variously understood; by some as a simultaneous reduction of interest and debasement of coin, by others as a positive abolition of all debts, at least of those which had been caused by borrowing "on the body." He found most of the land mortgaged, and most of the poor people in bond. Debts, however, were doubtless cancelled with discrimination, while the creditors were amply compensated by internal and external tranquillity. Solon wisely looked forward in his measures. He abolished servitude for debt; and, to prevent a general return of poverty, he obliged every father to teach his son a trade, and the Areopagus to look into each man's means of subsistence. These measures, after all, would not have fully answered had Greece remained unchanged; but the independent prosperity of Athens soon rendered unnecessary any scrutinising test of its constitutional details.

The constitution *proper* is next examined with great care, and the property-division and corresponding taxes, the regulation of the public offices, the adjustment of the "Liturgies" so as to fall only on the rich, the graduation of military service, and the establishment of the Probouleutic Council, are all clearly and critically stated. These measures constituted an immense advance. And perhaps Solon went further, in appointing "Dikasteries," or Popular Law-courts. He undoubtedly did not do all that late orators ascribed to him; but still the germs of almost the whole system lay in his legislation. Taxation was made to increase in the same ratio as privilege. The Democracy was born under him, but an infant; under Cleisthenes it rose to adolescence; under Pericles to maturity. Mr. Grote is probably wrong in supposing that he recognised as citizens all who were not aliens, without any exception. His retention of the old citizen-footing seems to have been the main distinction between him and Cleisthenes.

His laws are now very briefly enumerated by the able essayist. The law forbidding neutrality may sound strange to members of our larger and modern states. But it was necessary in so small a community as the Athenian nation; and in times when the connection between the individual and the state was so much closer than in our own day. It must be remembered also that neutrality was forbidden in times only of actual sedition.

Objections, however, began after a while to be felt, and he does not seem to have reaped much credit during his lifetime. Weary at last with defending himself from opposite attacks, he exacted of the nation an oath to preserve his constitution for ten years, and then left Athens. On his return, Solon found the *Peisist* (the "Plain-Party," for reaction), the *Parali* ("Shore-party," conservative,) and the *Hyperacrii* ("Hill-Party," for progress,) in furious contention. Peisistratus was heading the last. Solon saw his ambition, and warned the people. But in vain. He saw Peisistratus become Tyrant, and survived the event only half-a-year, constantly reproaching the people for their tameness.

The Peisistratid tyrannis lasted just half a century (560–510); it is not treated of here, the archaic period being considered to end with Solon, and the modern period

(forcibly so called) being regarded as beginning after him.

Such is a brief summary of Mr. Rawlinson's admirable Essay. The reader will perhaps have gathered that his labours will be far more fitly estimated when they have been completed, and when we have had them for some time in our hands. Not a few of his positions place him more or less at variance not only with Mr. Grote, but with Colonel Mure also. And discrepancies of this kind are manifestly unsuited both to our scope and compass.

Meantime, in leaving this third volume, we may remind the student of Herodotus that the researches of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson have been liberally brought to bear on the elucidation of the text. The illustrations also are most valuable, especially in the present volume those which bear upon the Scythian antiquities. Herodotus has indeed become only "one member in an exploring party of four," the Hellenic contingent in a confederacy of travellers. But he has immeasurably gained by the association.

Handbook for Travellers in Kent and Sussex.
With Map. (Murray.)

Handbook for Surrey, Hampshire, and Isle of Wight. With Map. (Murray.)

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

WE do not find our guide less interesting as we traverse with him the fair valleys, and ascend the grassy hills of Surrey, cross the fertile plains of Hampshire, and visit the blossoming uplands of the Isle of Wight. The systematic arrangement and judicious condensation which distinguish the Handbook noticed in our last number equally characterise that which is now before us, and it may fitly be praised as containing the cream, and only the cream, of huge folios and stolid quartos. The two volumes, we may observe, must be viewed as a whole, if justice is to be done to their compiler, and cannot be separated without injury to the plan on which the Handbook has been constructed. The routes into which they are divided necessarily branch into the adjoining counties, and the day's journey, which commences in Surrey, may very well terminate in Sussex.

But these volumes are no less pleasing as fire-side companions than useful as the guides of our travels. A world of delightful fancies and glowing memories starts out, distinct and vivid, from each teeming page. Not a village but has a legend; not a churchyard but shrines some hallowed dust; not a field or a vale which history or poetry does not claim as its own! And the reader, who has little leisure for turning over endless county chronicles, may find matter of the pleasantest sort in these handy volumes. Each line recalls some story of the days of old, of heroic men and heroic deeds, of the fathers of our literature, the martyrs of our faith, and the pillars of our empire. If he has visited the scenes so concisely described, he enjoys all the pleasure of recalling their various details; if they are spots yet untrodden by his adventurous foot, he may idealise them to his fancy and paint them as he sees them through the magic glass of imagination. Here, for instance, is a sunny Surrey landscape, depicted in few words by quaint old Aubrey. "In this parish (Caterham) are many pleasant little valleys, stored with wild thyme, sweet marjoram, burnell, boscase, and beeches."

These valleys lie at the feet of famous ancient hills, and now the charm of historical association is introduced to invest the landscape with additional interest. "The hills," says the author, "overlooking these pleasant places are crested with numerous camps, probably of British origin. There is one on Bottle Hill, in the parish of Chelsham, and another, the largest in the neighbourhood, called 'The Cardinal's Cap,' on the top of White Hill, above Bletchingley," where, in 1813, were discovered the relics of a Roman villa. Turn to another page, and the eye lights upon another picture. "Through a lane most pleasantly overhung with sweet-scented lime trees"—we catch the fragrance from afar off, even while we write—"the tourist may find his way to Reigate Park. This is a remarkable elevation of the Hastings sand, lying S. of the town, and commanding very extensive views in every direction, especially towards the south, where the eye ranges over a vast extent of Weald country, across which the great waves of shadow sweep and break in perpetual change. The sides" of the East Grinstead ridge of downs "are broken into those picturesque hollows especially characteristic of this formation, and filled with a deep growth of fern, from the midst of which rise clumps of old thorns and hollies, most provocative of pencil and sketch-book. Larger trees rise toward the foot of the hill, nearer the enclosure of the priory; and the view, looking across the town of Reigate, with the church-tower beyond, and the rich masses of foliage filling up the valley under the slopes of the chalk downs, is, especially towards sunset, one of the most beautiful that can be imagined."

The reader need not dwell too long on any single picture. Here is something of a different character:—"On the north-western brow of the hill (Boxhill), and nearly in a line with the stream of the Mole, was buried, June 11, 1800, a Major Labellière, who had lived for some years at Dorking, and whose mind had become unsettled in consequence of 'an unrequited attachment.' He was buried here at his own request, and with his head downwards, since in his opinion the world was 'turned topsy-turvy,' and he thus hoped to be 'right at last!'"

The description of Chertsey, succinct yet full, cannot fail to suggest the most agreeable association. Here was established the first religious house in Surrey, a mitred abbey, which rose to great splendour, and at the time of the dissolution boasted an annual revenue of 659l. Here for awhile reposed the remains of Henry VI.,

"Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,"

and it was on her road to Chertsey with the dead king's funeral train that Lady Anne encountered Richard of Gloucester, as Shakspearean readers cannot fail to remember. In Guildford Street, Chertsey, stands Cowley House, once the residence of the poet Cowley, who when he first came there, "caught so great a cold as to make him keep his chamber ten days." He lived here barely two years, dying July 21, 1667. "The house, originally of timber, with plaster divisions, has been much altered and added to, but still retains some portions of the time of James I., among which is an old staircase of chestnut wood, and a small room called 'Cowley's Study,' with a view towards St. Anne's Hill. The room in which the poet died—"where the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue"—overlooks the road. A very picturesque porch which projected into the street, and

above which was a tablet by Cowley himself, was removed in 1786."

Then, about one mile out of the town, on the south-eastern side of St. Anne's Hill, is the house where for many years the great statesman Fox resided.

"Cheerful in this sequestered bower,
From all the storms of life removed,
Here Fox enjoyed his evening hour
In converse with the friends he loved."

His widow occupied the house—it was purchased by her in 1795 before her marriage—for more than thirty-six years after the death of her husband.

If the reader selects any particular route and follows it carefully, he will find that we have not spoken of these volumes in terms of undeserved eulogy. *Essempi gratia*, from London to Richmond is a well-beaten track, and by many is regarded as not a little tedious, but our erudite guide contrives to elicit at every point some interesting association, some detail of interest from history and song. First, we pause at Wandsworth, so named from the river Wandle, not now "the blue transparent Vandalis" of Pope, where, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a colony of French refugees introduced those industrial processes still famous in this locality of ugly factories and still uglier churches. Putney, the *Puttenega amonum* of Leland, is our next station, and rejoices in a hideous wooden bridge across the Thames, and the hideous aqueduct of the Chelsea water-works. The church is handsome, and has a beautiful chantry built by Bishop West (who was born at Putney), and a fine stained glass window, the gift of the late Bishop of Ripon. The headquarters of Cromwell's army were fixed at Putney during Charles's detention at Hampton Court, and the famous Boanerges, Hugh Peters, preached in the old church to the great Puritan chief and his officers. John Toland, the deist, lies in the churchyard. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, a crafty but able statesman, and a greater than he, Gibbon the historian, were born at Putney. At Bowling Green House, on the north side of the Heath, died William Pitt, on the 23rd of January, 1806. Near Putney is Roehampton, where Charles the First's lord treasurer, Sir Richard Weston, once kept a noble state, and had a fine mansion, and his son Jerome, afterwards Lord Weston, married the Lady Frances Stuart. A notable wedding! for an archbishop (Laud) officiated, a king (Charles) gave away the bride, and a great poet (Ben Jonson) wrote the marriage song. In this same house Hobbes the philosopher resided for many years as tutor to the son of the Countess of Devonshire.

Barnes once belonged to the Canons of St. Paul, who, it may be, once possessed here a *barn* or *epicarium*. Barn Elms (the old house we mean) belonged to Sir Francis Walsingham, who entertained beneath its roof his mistress, Queen Elizabeth. It afterwards belonged to Heidegger, George II.'s Master of the Revels, and still later to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, the antiquary. Jacob Tonson lived in this neighbourhood, and frequently held at his house the meetings of the Kiteat Club, "originally named from a certain Christopher Cat, a pastrycook, who supplied mutton pies for the suppers of its members." Cowley the poet, we may add, lived at the old Barn Elms before his removal to Chertsey, and the new Barn Elms was the residence of the late Sir Lancelot Shadwell. Fielding and Handel were both, at different periods, inhabitants of, or rather

residents in, this picturesque hamlet. In a field near Barn Elms was fought, January the 17th, 1667-8, the famous duel between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, the shameless Countess holding the Duke's horse during the fatal encounter.

We pass on to Mortlake (whose etymology is somewhat affectingly offered by learned antiquarians as *Mortuus lacus*), once a possession of the archbishopric of Canterbury, and noted as the residence of the magician, Dr. Dee, who died here in 1608. In the church and churchyard are memorials of Sir Philip Francis, the first Lord Sidmouth, Partridge the almanack-concocter, and Pope's Sir John Barnard.

Of Richmond and its environs the "Handbook" offers an account so full of attractive details that we regret our inability to quote it *in extenso*. Thomson, Scott, Wordsworth, and Collins have been laid under contribution, and scarce an historical association has been overlooked. But we have already said enough to show with what skill and judgment the editor has executed his by no means easy task, and how he has contrived to render the dustiest track almost as agreeable as "fresh fields and pastures new."

Of Portsmouth, "differtum nautis canponibus atque maligis," its dockyard and fortifications, there is a very full and accurate account, which cannot fail to be of advantage to the tourist. Southampton is sketched in some eight or nine pages, with spirit and fidelity; and justice is done to the grand old city of Winchester, as far as five and twenty pages can do justice to a city, whose glorious antiquities and treasures of historic times a quarto could not exhaust! It is however the least satisfactory portion of a satisfactory book.

Scarcely thirty pages are devoted to the Isle of Wight, and we wish it had fallen within the plan of the compiler to have illustrated "that beautiful island which," says Scott, "he who has once seen can never forget," with greater fullness. The sketch of its history is exceedingly meagre, and is remarkable for its omissions. There is no mention made in the notice of Carisbrooke Castle of the singular scene enacted there, in its "regalis aula," between William the Norman and the warrior priest Odo of Bayeux, when the King broke up the latter's dreams of pride and power just as they seemed upon the eve of fulfilment. The tale is told by Ordericus Vitalis with peculiar simplicity.* Our author, too, might have pointed out that James I. visited the fine old ruin, and went hunting in the neighbouring forests, and that Prince Charles also on more than one occasion made it his temporary residence. He states that the Princess Elizabeth, who was imprisoned here by the Parliament (Aug. 16, 1650), "caught cold at bowls," while the fact is, as proved by recent investigation, that she died of a disease then little understood in England—the rickets. He quotes as the derivation of the word "Carisbrooke," the obsolete etymology of *Wihgtara-burgh* or *Wihgtar's burgh*, without alluding to the very easy explanation afforded by the root *Caer*, the fort or stronghold on the stream, which admirably defines its natural position. It is not true that Sir William D'Avenant completed "Gondibert" while imprisoned at Carisbrooke; but it is true that while confined at Cowes Castle, he wrote the third book of that under-rated poem. *See also Speed, book ix. c. 1.*

It is not often that the "Handbook" omits any name of note, but in speaking of Newport surely its editor should have remembered those ripe scholars, Dr. Thomas James, the first Bodleian librarian, and Mr. Richard James, the friend of Selden, as well as Sir Thomas Fleming, once Lord Chief Justice, and the rival of the great Bacon. At Ryde, too, he should have reminded the tourist that the church of St. Thomas contains a memorial of a once famous humorist, the Rev. Edward Cannon, immortalised as "Godfrey Moss," by Theodore Hook. Freshwater, he might have told us, was the birthplace of no inconsiderable mathematician, Robert Hooke, the author of the "Micrographia." Alexander Ross, commemorated by Butler (we quote from memory):

"There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over,"
was once vicar of Carisbrooke. Dr. Cole, dean of St. Paul's, and a complete "Vicar of Bray," was born at Godshall.

Speaking of the village, once the market-town, of Brading, and its ancient church, the editor falls into the common error of attributing to a Mr. Gill, once curate of Newchurch, the beautiful epitaph "on Mrs. Anne Berry," set to equally beautiful music by Dr. Callcott, commencing

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear."
These well-known lines may in fact be found in a volume of devotional poems by Mrs. Steele, published before the date of Mrs. Berry's death.

At Faringford there is a modest house, set in the midst of a pleasant garden, with some noble trees encircling the quiet demesne, which hereafter will be regarded as a sacred shrine by many a devout pilgrim. It is the home of Alfred Tennyson, who has described it in some graphic verses, of which the reader will not object to be reminded. The poet tells his friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, that "one lay-hearth" will give him welcome.

(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;
Where, free from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown.
All round a careless-order'd garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.
"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magic gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine."
"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

Before we quit the Isle of Wight and its associations, let us add that one of its villages—Bonchurch—gave birth to a gallant seaman, Admiral Hobson, who broke the boom at Vigo in 1702, and who was in early life a tailor's apprentice at a place called Niton. A strange story is told of the commencement of his naval career. A squadron of men-of-war were sailing off the Wight. Hobson and his comrades hastened down to the beach to gaze the better on so grand a spectacle. It so aroused his latent passion for adventure that he sprang at once into a boat, rowed off to the squadron, gained the admiral's vessel, and was welcomed as a volunteer! Later in life, when full of years and honours, he visited the picturesque village, and dined off bacon and eggs in the cottage where he had toiled as an apprentice.

At West Cowes was born Dr. Arnold, whose influence on educational progress, and whose "History of Rome" was no unworthy contribution to English historical literature.

We have dwelt longer upon these volumes than we had intended; but, as we have said, they are as valuable for what they suggest as for what they tell, and are as agreeable to the quiet student in his library as they must be useful to the pedestrian in his rambles. We look upon them with peculiar interest moreover, because we believe they will tend to attract the attention of English travellers to the beauties of English landscape and the relics of English antiquity, and that they will powerfully contribute to do away with the silly fallacy that there is nothing worth seeing within "the three seas." Even in these desultory remarks we have indicated the existence of little-known mines of precious things; and there is no reason why a tour "up the Thames" should not be as popular as the eternal "up the Rhine," or why our tourists should not dare the ascent of Surrey Hills as well as that of the exceedingly tiresome Mont Blanc. Mr. Murray has done everybody a service in issuing these most valuable "Handbooks," which, we must again repeat, are, despite a few omissions, replete with entertaining and instructive facts most admirably methodised, and told in simple, but forcible and often elegant language. We hope ere long to welcome a companion volume, in which Berkshire shall be illustrated with equal force and truth.

A Memoir of Thomas Uwins, R.A., late Keeper of the Royal Galleries and of the National Gallery, Librarian of the Royal Academy, &c., &c., &c. By Mrs. Uwins. With Letters to his Brothers during Seven Years spent in Italy, and Correspondence with the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Charles L. Eastlake, A.E. Chalon, R.A., and other distinguished persons. Two Volumes. (Longman, Brown, & Co.)

This is another addition to the sadly long series of ill-constructed and ill-written recent British biographies. The biographical art appears to be dying out. The practice of carting into a heap all the letters of a person who has figured for some time before the public eye and calling it a biography is one which no expostulations seem to check. Almost every new memoir we take up is a new instance of it. Biography, instead of being one of the most delightful and instructive, is rendered one of the most wearisome and worthless departments of literature. Although, from the extreme rarity of success in it, biography would seem to be among the most difficult kinds of writing and one requiring the most consideration in undertaking, it is just that which every one, however inexperienced or ill-informed, appears to consider him or herself qualified to write, sets about with the least preparation, and executes with the least care.

We have here the life of a very pleasing painter and a very excellent man; but one whose life the public would scarcely have expected to be told except in the most modest shape, and certainly not as a distinct work. Had there seemed therefore in the judgment of his friends anything sufficiently unusual in his career to amuse or interest the public, or sufficiently remarkable in his practice to render the record valuable to the student, and consequently to justify the publication, it ought to have been prepared with scrupulous care and embodied in the fewest words. Instead of that there is in these volumes no narrative of his career, no record of his practice, no attempt, in short,

whatever, made to write a life; but the reader is left to piece together as much or little as his skill and patience will allow out of two volumes of tedious letters, with four-fifths of which neither public nor student can have any possible concern. So remarkable indeed is the lack of narrative, that we were induced to count the author's part of the performance, and we found that the entire quantity of her contribution to the so-called "Memoir" does not exceed twenty pages, only two-thirds of which are narrative. Yet the book contains materials for a very interesting brief memoir; and in the hands of one who knew how to select and how to narrate, the life of Thomas Uwins might have made a graceful if not a very stimulating addition to English biographical literature, instead of merely furnishing fresh materials for the trunk-maker, if that ancient recipient of paper spoiled by printing on be still in existence. Remembering who the author is, it is with pain we write thus; but we are bound to tell our readers honestly the character of the work, and we are bound also to warn authors that there is a certain amount of respect due to the public. In the present case the author is evidently quite inexperienced in the literary craft; and inexperience might be accepted as a palliation, if there were evidence of effort, but it is just that which is wanting; and there is no help for the critic but to condemn the book, when knowledge, experience, skill, and industry are all alike absent.

Uwins was not a man of genius, nor was he a great painter; but as an artist he marked out a path for himself, which secured him honourable rank among British painters. Although he never rose to find himself famous, he obtained a fair amount of popularity; and he passed an unadventurous life with as few drawbacks as any man can well hope to experience in this chequered world. Without wife or child, or external source of anxiety, he lived on to a ripe old age, surrounded by troops of friends, his only serious trouble the failure of one for whom he had become a surety, his only enemy a shadowy monster he at one time fancied had planted itself full in his path, but of whose enmity or even existence there appears to be no tangible evidence; and then when the active battle of life was over, he found an excellent wife to cheer the autumn of his days, and the favour of his sovereign to render labour unnecessary. Such a life, if there be in it few or none of the elements of greatness, must be pronounced a happy, may perhaps be thought an enviable one. But it is a life to be told in few and simple words; not one which the world will take the trouble to extract out of a mass of indigested private correspondence.

Thomas Uwins was born at Hermes Hill, Pentonville, on the 24th of February, 1782, and was the youngest of four children of Thomas Uwins, a clerk in the Bank of England, who died when the painter was in his twenty-fourth year. Of his brothers, the eldest, Zechariah, was, like his father, a clerk in the Bank, the other, David, was a physician; both were men of respectable ability, and obtained a fair share of worldly success: it is to them that the bulk of the letters in these volumes are addressed. Thomas, like his brothers, was sent as a day-scholar to the school of Mr. Crole at Islington, where the late Bishop of Calcutta and the present Chief Baron were also pupils, besides, as we are told, "all the respectable boys for a mile round," so that

the school must have been a pretty large one. Of his school attainments nothing is said; but by watching his sister whilst taking a drawing lesson he contrived so to use his pencil as to surprise the teacher, and to astonish his mother. As a consequence he received regular drawing lessons for six months, when his master resigned his charge declaring that "he could not teach him any more, and it would be robbing his parents to go on with him."

What he had learnt was probably not much, but it was sufficient to indicate a fondness for Art, and his father so far favoured the tendency as to apprentice him on his leaving school at the age of fifteen to Benjamin Smith, an engraver of no great skill, but who by contracting to supply publishers with plates, which he employed his apprentices and journeymen to execute, was at that time carrying on a lucrative business. The only account of young Uwins's apprenticeship is contained in a long rambling farrago supplied by the son of a fellow apprentice, which tells very little of Uwins but a great deal about each of the other apprentices, their doings, their connections, and their acquaintances, down to the unfortunate Lady Hamilton, whom "Mr. Burt's mother, a native of Wales, knew a barefooted girl who got her living by carrying sand," and who in her prosperity "was a good friend to Burt" for his mother's sake. Uwins "never took kindly to engraving." But though he worked for his master from nine in the morning till seven in the evening, "he practised drawing diligently in his overtime" and at tea-time he was in the habit of sketching the cups, saucers, teapot, &c. At length "vexation at having committed himself to drudgery without improvement preyed upon his mind, and brought on an attack of jaundice," and he was released from his engagement before his apprenticeship had expired.

His industry now brought its reward. He was able to maintain himself by painting small portraits in water-colours and by giving lessons in drawing. He soon found employment also in making engravers' outlines, small water-colour copies of pictures, and designs for book-engraving, in which, while he seems to have taken Stothard for his model, he showed considerable originality and power, and became a marked favourite with the publishers—his range extending from ladies' fashions and college costumes to Robinson Crusoe and the poets. But whilst thus engaged he continued to prosecute his studies. On leaving Smith he entered himself a student in the Royal Academy, and at the same time attended the lectures which Sir Charles Bell was delivering to students of Art: he never, however, became skilful in drawing the figure, in the academical sense of the term. His first appearance as an exhibitor was in 1799, when he sent one of his small portraits to the Royal Academy, and he continued to exhibit works there of a like unambitious character till 1831, when his name disappears from the catalogue for nine years. In 1809 he was elected Associate exhibitor, and in 1810 member of the then newly-founded but now "Old" Society of Painters in Water Colours, and in their gallery his chief pictures were exhibited during the next seven years. This portion of his life was a busy and a happy one. He visited the Lakes (where he formed the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Southey), Oxford, Cambridge, and the hop-gardens of Farnham, finding in all subjects for his

pencil, and the last suggesting a visit to the vineyards of the South of France, which an acquaintance formed with the son of M. Guyot, a celebrated French painter, enabled him to make under the most favourable auspices in the autumn of 1817. This journey, all the particulars of which are given in letters to his brothers of wondrous length, afforded him intense enjoyment, and added largely to his knowledge. Paris, he found, as others have found before and since, to be "the seat of pleasure;" yet, though he is "ashamed to say he has not made a single drawing" during the month he stayed there, he has not been wholly idle: he has seen much and he has arrived at some conclusions. "I have seen all the ceremonies of the Catholic church. . . . I have seen the palaces, the museums, the manufactories. I have seen what they do in my own Art;" and though "distinguished by talent, power, facility of execution, and many other excellent and most desirable qualities," he found in the French painters a fatal deficiency—"they have not the smallest poetic feeling." In the wine districts he found a warm-hearted host in M. Cabareuss, in whose house the young painter was made quite at home, and in whose vineyards every facility was given him to sketch and study: and he did ample justice to the opportunities afforded him. Visions of a grand series of compositions illustrative of the vintage floated across his mind, but he does not seem to have carried them into execution; the well known picture in the Vernon collection, 'The Vintage in the Claret Vineyards, South of France,' was not painted till some thirty years later, and long after his pencil had acquired facility and experience in sunny Italy.

In truth, before he could realise his purpose a heavy misfortune had befallen him. He had become surety to the Society of Arts, and now was called upon to make good the bond. Warren the engraver was bound with him, but he had a wife and family, and Uwins, being a single man, "gallantly resolved to bear the whole responsibility." The society having acceded to his offer to pay the debt by quarterly instalments of a hundred pounds each, he set himself manfully to the task; resigned his connection with the Water Colour Society, and devoted himself once more to the manufacture of small portraits and booksellers' designs, and thus was able to accomplish his purpose within the specified time. The defaulter, we are told, lived to make entire restitution.

Among his "booksellers' jobs" was a series of illustrations to Scott's novels. This led him to Scotland, and gained him the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. But it also led him to fancy that there was an opening in Edinburgh for a portrait-painter—he had now begun to paint in oil—and he accordingly settled there in 1821. He did not, however, take kindly to the Scotch people, and he found the "beautifying" of Scotch faces very wearisome work. "Making old women young, and ugly women handsome," he writes to his brother, "is now my daily occupation, and on this innocent deception all my reputation depends. To keep it up is no easy matter I can assure you. You know the elements of a Scotch face. . . . To twist this into beauty requires no small dexterity and address: yet to the accomplishment of this object is all my trans-Tweedian labour directed." He was not unsuccessful, but he found its irksome-

ness did not decrease, and after a trial of a couple of years he transferred his household gods to London.

But he did not stay there long. The autumn of 1824 found him on his way to Italy. He visited in succession the great repositories of Art, and finally settled down at Naples, where he dwelt for several years, a part of the time the fashionable portrait-painter of that lovely but dissolute city. His Italian visit was the turning-point of his artistic career. He himself wrote of it when he had been there a couple of years: "I have really got good by coming to Italy, and still more by coming to Naples. I have been thrown on my own resources. I have practised the Art here alone, and I have proved to myself what I never did know before—the extent of my powers. If I were ten years younger I should reap more benefit from it; but, old as I am, I cannot think of it without thankfulness and gratitude." He could hardly in fact be regarded as a painter before his visit to Italy. There he set to work with a will, and there he struck out into that line which won him all his celebrity; and if it had only shown how a man of two-and-forty by hard labour thus achieved success in an entirely new path, the "Memoir" would not have been valueless. But in the "Memoir" nothing is related of his residence in Italy. All the letters written during his French tour are included in the life; but not one of the Italian letters. Not that they are entirely omitted: they are relegated in unbroken bulk to the appendix; and to the appendix accordingly the reader must turn who wishes to acquaint himself with this portion of Uwins's career, to learn how he made himself a painter, or to read his opinions on Art. That such a plan should have been adopted is greatly to be regretted, for there is much interesting matter in the letters, though enveloped in a huge mass of tediousness. These Italian letters occupy considerably more than one volume. To his brothers alone there are 62 letters, and several of them are of portentous dimensions, whilst all contain much that could never have had any value except for those to whom they were addressed. A very large portion of them, for example, is occupied with denunciations of Roman Catholicism; and so far has the resolve to retain everything been carried, that in one letter more than five pages are given of the sermon of a Franciscan monk. The letters to and from Mr. Severn, then resident at Rome, are good specimens of the frank correspondence of painters, and are very creditable to both the writers; and the same may be said of the shorter correspondence with Eastlake, except that the criticisms of Eastlake are pitched in a higher key. A selection from these letters worked into the "Memoir" would have given to it the life and value it now so grievously lacks. Some of Uwins's sketches of the society and notabilities of Naples, his painter-like notes of church ceremonials and popular customs, his descriptions of scenery, and his account of the ascent of Vesuvius—to say nothing of his criticisms on pictures, and his Art-gossip,—display considerable powers of observation and some skill in writing, and would have afforded very picturesque and occasionally piquant materials to a competent biographer.

Uwins had heralded his return to England by his picture of 'Neapolitans dancing the Tarantella,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1830. He returned in 1831, and in the following year appeared his second

Italian picture, 'The Saint Manufactory.' Both met with well-deserved success; yet at first commissions came in slowly, and for a year or two he was fain to occupy much of his time as of old in painting small portraits. But the novelty, the evident truthfulness, the simple naturalness of the scenes, the free, happy, buoyant spirit of his Neapolitan peasantry, and the fine feeling and sentiment which the painter infused into the composition, soon caught the popular eye, and it was not long before these qualities, supported as they were by an eminently lucid arrangement and bright harmonious colouring, came to be acknowledged by purchasers as well as the general public. Uwins wrote of himself whilst at Naples:—"I believe I am a bit of a truant from all the Schools, for to tell you the honest truth, I have spent quite as much time in the open air, amidst rocks, and woods, and precipices, or in cottages amongst the simple inhabitants of the mountains, as I have in churches and picture-galleries. . . . None can tell but those who have come to the same feast with the same feelings, the excessive enjoyment I have had in these glorious scenes." None could tell the extent perhaps, but all could perceive the evidence of that enjoyment, and, as is always the case, the feeling of enjoyment in the artist created enjoyment in the beholder; and as long as he continued to paint his homely open-air Italian scenes his popularity steadily increased. His professional merit was early acknowledged in the way dearest to a painter's heart. In 1833 he was elected A.R.A.; in 1838 he obtained the full honour of Royal Academician.

The first symptoms of declining power were manifested in a way not uncommon among our *genre* painters. He lost his relish for his old class of subjects, and took to painting "high art." 'Lear and Cordelia in Prison,' 'St. John proclaiming the Messiah,' 'Sir Guyon destroying the Enchantments,' 'Ulysses in the Island of Calypso,' were not themes to be successfully essayed with failing powers and a feeble hand. The indifference of the public at first suggested to him that he might be like the Archbishop of Granada; but like him he thrust the warning out of doors. Taste has declined. The times are out of joint. "The present go-ahead age," he discovers, "is careless of poetry." The pleasures of imagination are at an end." But ever since he has been an Academician he has been growing more conservative, and in every forward step he now sees an advance towards perdition. "Oh," he exclaims, "Oh for a tyranny in England! Art never flourishes except where the people are ruled by despotic power." The Reform Act had dealt a heavy blow to Art, but the establishment of popular Art-schools will be its final ruin. "The Radicals are establishing schools by which every chimney-sweeper's son and every shoemaker's shop-boy is to be made an artist; so that though — has not succeeded in destroying the Royal Academy, he has had eminent success in sowing the seeds of destruction far and wide through the whole circle of Art. This is the true infernal principle. The devil could not enjoy Paradise, and therefore set about destroying it."

It is really saddening to think that all these foolish utterances of the old man should have been printed. We hasten to the end. The kindness of her Majesty provided a refuge for the painter from the

coldness of the public. In 1844 he was appointed Librarian to the Royal Academy; in 1845 he was made Surveyor of Pictures to the Queen; in 1847 Keeper of the National Gallery (an office he resigned in 1855). He was thus rendered easy in his circumstances for the remainder of his days. On the 18th of September, 1851, he writes to one of his friends, "the Leicester papers announced the marriage of Thomas Uwins;" and a few days later "I first made known to my brother and other relatives the to them unexpected change in my position." This is all we are told of his marriage—not even the lady's name being mentioned. But we can see from subsequent letters that for him it was a happy union, and that he had taken into his house and heart a ministering angel. A year or two later he retired to Staines; and there he died on the 26th of August, 1857. As long as he could hold a pencil he continued to practise his beloved art; but, always a religious man, his piety deepened as he descended towards the grave, and his last days were spent in preparing for the great change.

Almæ Matres. By Megathym Splene, B.A., Oxon. (Hogg.)

This is the book of a man who has studied at Oxford, London, Munich, and Bonn; and who has been "connected more or less with Paris also." Megathym Splene, having thus pretty nearly attained to the cognition of the *omne scibile*, and having cultivated his vituperative talents (at any rate) regardless of expense, sets himself down to "slang" Oxford with all his might. He does not inform us which university had the honour of being the real parent, and which were the more or less *sæva nocera*. We are all in the dark about his having been such a very rolling stone. But the impression made upon the unbiassed reader is, beyond a doubt, this: that Megathym has found grapes very sour somewhere, and has applied his mind to proving the acidity. In the lap of one of the "Almæ Matres" he lost a deal of loose cash; and he is content to recal the perishable sum *vel matris imagine fractâ*.

Megathym Splene may be a tolerably clever fellow of his sort—tolerably only, be it observed—but his sort is a very objectionable one. He is one of those choice spirits who look upon all moral delinquencies, in which they would have us believe they have been not all unlearned,

"With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for"—

—themselves. It is not so much that he regards impudence, the most offensive and silly impudence, in the light of a panacea for all kinds of university abuse. It is not only that he tells us, with but half a mortified leer, of all the fine things he used to do in the heyday of youth, when Oxford, and London, and Bonn, and Munich, and more or less of Paris, were all new and untrodden ground to him. Many people before Splene have sighed to "Cousin Silence" about the things that "this knight and I have seen;" and have begged posterity to observe that they "heard the chimes at midnight." Only hear Splene's additions, his moral and penitential reflections:

"Yes, they are dear, these memories; but Truth stands before me with her hideous mask. She draws it off, and shines in all her beauty, gazing at me with sad, sorrowed eyes. She says,—'Are you not ashamed of this? To prefer old chums, and wine, and beer, and careless mirth, to me—me, Truth!'"

"And I say,—'Truth, I do love thee;' and bid her lead on the Memories one by one, unmasked, naked, horrible, and let me see them through the glass of Truth. Drop!"

What a glorious medley is here, the happy result of Megathym's united "magnanimity," and "spleen." He sits in his arm-chair, and in high-souled ecstasy evokes Truth successfully from the bottom of the well. She answers, indeed, to the call; but makes her appearance closely veiled "in her hideous mask." By and by, Truth becomes a naked and beautiful form, but soon after an opera glass, through which the Memories, also unmasked, and now in their turn naked, are coolly inspected by the magnanimous man. Meanwhile, Truth officiates, not only as a glass, but as the usher and guide of the Memories also.

It will be urged that these are after all mere faults of the imagination, and do not affect the argument of the book. We have only to say in reply, that we are doing Splene a kindness in taking up space that might be occupied by graver faults in the exposure of these minor ones. It is a serious thing to charge an author with making wilful misstatements, and we wish that some excuse might here be urged on the score of ignorance. The author knew Oxford in his day very sufficiently indeed. And yet he has dared to create two distinct impressions to its disadvantage, both of which we, having personal knowledge of the facts, beg leave to inform him are false and libellous. He would have us believe, first, that the Fellows of Colleges at Oxford are, as a class, hard drinkers if not drunkards; and, secondly, that there is absolutely no personal communication between them and the undergraduates. Of the first disgraceful libel we say not a word. Nothing would please Splene better than an indignant reply. His own well-selected figure of speech is, that he has "put on the gloves" with Oxford. And then, apparently conscious of the false position which this would imply towards a parent, however erring and oppressive, he calls her a "mammoth University;" intimating that if the mammoth will return this first blow, he (Megathym) will be happy to parry and strike again. Feeling sure that the magnanimous champion will find his severest mortification, if the pugilistic encounter with the mammoth be allowed to remain, as it has begun, a single-handed one, we leave the first charge altogether, only remarking on the second that it shows what a black sheep Splene must have been. The following are the terms he has thought fit to employ:

"But what there is *not* in any College, is any attempt on the part of the Dons to fulfil the serious charge they hold, and acquit themselves of the responsibility of the souls committed for the time to their guardianship. This responsibility devolves mainly on the Dean, who is, as it were, the chaplain of the society. No attempt is made by this officer in any College to ascertain the real state of mind in which the young men are living under his very nose; or if, as in some cases, the attempt to ascertain it is made by employing the scouts to act the spy, it is followed up, not by calm reasoning or gentle dissuasion, but by vulgar threats, which can only serve to render the gulf between the young and old so much the broader.

"This is, indeed, the chief accusation that we bring against all Dons alike. We may say that some are drunkards and gamblers, most of them narrow-minded, stiff, pedantic, and disagreeable; but we can predicate of all, without exception, that they make no attempt whatever to work

upon the souls of those committed to their charge. No Don will budge an inch, or give up one jot of his dignity, to conciliate and win over a young man whom he knows to be going on badly; no Dean would condescend to visit such a student in his own rooms; and no one cares to understand and develop the characters of the junior members."

And this, too, when no public office in Oxford is filled up now-a-days, without the *Record* sounding a note of regret, that Mr. So and So's wide influence upon the undergraduate members of the University should thus be called into fuller play; when, in Megathym's own time, some five or six years since, the association between seniors and juniors in more than one college was carried to an almost excessive degree; and when, at this present moment, the Professoriate numbers among its most active and distinguished members such men as Canon Stanley, Mr. Conington, and Mr. Goldwin Smith.

But we have said enough on the performances of an individual, whose utter want of taste and judgment is dashed but too often with an unmistakeable malignity of purpose. We will only add a word on the subject of the new A. A. degree, which has recently made a large demand upon public attention, and which, as might have been expected, Splene has very considerably misapprehended. The particular mistake to which we allude is the not uncommon one of supposing that Associates will demolish the time-honoured Baccalaureate, and A.A.'s cut out B.A.'s. To this we will reply (very nearly in the words of Mr. T. D. Acland *), that, on the one hand, the social prestige which at present attaches to residents in the Universities will clearly not belong to the Associates; and that, on the other, we need hardly fear that many persons occupied in retail trade will come to bear the title. With few exceptions such persons enter into business at fifteen; and, if a boy's talents and ambition are such that the parents destine him to be the "gentleman" of the family, it is obviously a degree which should imply residence amongst gentlemen for a given time, and not a mere certificate or title denoting a given amount of instruction, which would be sought for by them.

It was well and truly observed by the present Dean of Ely (Dr. Harvey Goodwin), that within a few weeks after the appearance of the first A.A., the public press would assign its own estimate to the mark. This has been done, and the system of University residence has become better appreciated, instead of worse.

The Leisure Hour, 1858. *The Sunday at Home*, 1858. (Religious Tract Society.)

THESE periodicals were commenced by the excellent Society whose name they bear, with the view of neutralising the effects threatened by a certain class of literature which has now disappeared. The objects having been accomplished, the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home* remain, proving, as Lord Brougham recently observed, the existence of a sound moral and healthy tone among the cheap periodicals most extensively read by the people. We cordially hail the appearance of these volumes for the year now closing, assuring our readers that more appropriate Christmas gifts could scarcely be found.

* "Some account of the Origin and Objects of the New Oxford Examinations," Introductory Notice, p. xv.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Shakspeare Room at the Bedford. Present: THE EDITOR, THE MANDARIN, MR. TEMPLE, THE PROFESSOR, THE AMERICAN VISITOR, MR. DROOPER, THE COLONEL, THE O'DONNAGAN, THE BARONET, and MR. STOKES. The glasses sparkle on the board, the wine is ruby bright, and four cigars, from Carlin's hoard, are twined eight lips alight.

THE BARONET.

What Mr. Walter, of the *Times*, told his constituents about the Press, the other day, was perfectly true. The House of Commons, he says, may pretend to the contrary, but—it does not like the Press.

THE PROFESSOR.

I make no doubt that the House would be quite satisfied if the papers were constructed on the Cobdenian system; that is, contained nothing but news—including, of course, reports of the speeches.

THE EDITOR.

There would be loss as well as gain to the incapables. Most men, until they have read their daily newspaper, have no definite grasp of a subject, and four-fifths of our parliamentary speakers would be very helpless without Press promptings. On the whole account, I think the balance of profit is with the members. And really they have very little Press castigation to complain of.

THE VISITOR.

No, Sir. Your journalists lack the courage and vigour of ours. You are very mealy-mouthed. When our intelligent and enlightened writers go in for a cause, they go in blind for it. As for answering a man, or confuting him, that's milk-and-water work. Show that he is a thief and a fool, or if you have nothing against himself, which ain't likely among an imaginative race, show that his father deserved to be hanged, or his uncle was a dreadful cheat. Go in and win.

THE PROFESSOR.

That system has its advantages, I admit. It relegates most proud and high-minded American gentlemen to private life, and so provides tolerably honest employment for coarser men, who might otherwise use their energies in direct malpractices, instead of in mis-serving their country.

THE VISITOR.

I reckon we ain't badly served, taking the whole boiling, and if we wanted a Master of the Horse, we shouldn't choose him because he was a duke, and good at knock 'em down. No, Sir.

THE BARONET.

It wasn't knock 'em down. It was Aunt Sally the duke was shying at.

MR. TEMPLE.

I should have thought that the present duke would have treated an aunt with more respect.

THE BARONET.

As for the case, there is nothing in it. Everybody throws sticks on the Derby day. It is my glory and great delight.

MR. DROOPER.

Like Jupiter, or the manager of a bad theatrical company, you swear by the Styx.

THE MANDARIN.

These elaborated jests are a bore; but that's infinitely the best thing the unfortunate dramatist has said.

THE BARONET.

If a clumsy fellow nearly rode over me and knocked me down, and was not rather quick with his apology, I'm afraid I should send the sticks after him much as the duke did.

THE COLONEL.

His Grace's father distinguished himself one day, in my father's presence, in another way, and curiously, it was also at Brighton. The King had invited my father, then a young officer, to dine at the Pavilion. King George the Fourth, I mean. The late duke, then Lord Worcester, was to be there, but had not arrived when the party sat down to dinner. "If nothing has happened to Worcester," said the King, as they sat down, "I am heartily glad that he is late, that you younger fellows may have the pleasure of seeing how a perfectly mannered gentleman makes an apology."

MR. STOKES.

And what had happened?

THE COLONEL.

I forget—it was in posting times, and some delay had occurred on the road; but, as the King predicted, the apology was so graceful that everybody was pleased that the accident had occurred.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

If ever I have the misfortune to be late at these banquets, your children, gentlemen, shall have a similar story to narrate.

THE MANDARIN.

Increase the difficulty and the triumph by being away from an entire dinner, my dear Irishman.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

If you were our Amphitryon I could understand that inhospitable hint, Sir, but I would suggest to you, being only a guest, to mind your own business. So you couldn't manage to convict that chap that borrowed the documents, Mr. Waterloo Jersey, or whatever his name was.

THE MANDARIN.

What the deuce have I to do with it? You had better get Albany Fonblanque's book and learn how you are governed, and that the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office are two different places.

THE O'DONNAGAN (*contemptuously*).

Different or indifferent, you might lock up your papers; but I suppose you justly consider most of your state documents so heavy that he must be an able-bodied thief that can carry them off.

THE MANDARIN.

The usual muddle of ideas characteristic of the Hibernian. Don't look cross, you can do some things very well indeed, O'Donnagan. Give us something classical.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

I'm busy, my dear boy. (*Drinks*.) But I'll make time to tell you a motto that came to me from Horace, about the church-rate agitators.

THE PROFESSOR (*eagerly*).

Parcus deorum cultor?

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Nothing of the kind.

MR. DROOPER.

Does that mean that he walked in the Park instead of going to church. He must have been

an original member of the Sunday League. Talking of which, I saw in a cab the other day a notice to the public, saying, "This cab does not go out on Sundays." What does that mean?

THE EDITOR.

You remember Sydney Smith's Pious Hoy. Perhaps this was a pious cab. Did the driver cheat you more than is customary, just as the religious captain used to charge the passengers more than the profane captain for the brandy-and-water? But O'Donnagan has the floor.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

This is my bit—listen with your ears, and be instructed:

"Of Rate-Quashing parties, my friend Horace states, That Quassas cripiunt equibus Rates."

THE PROFESSOR.

Yes—yes. I don't much like—

THE EDITOR.

Shan't we get more out of one another if we don't criticise too much? As excellent Mr. Fitzball deprecatingly said, when one of his terrible melodramas had been violently assailed, "That is not the way to bring the violets from under the leaves."

THE PROFESSOR.

True; but at the same time—

THE BARONET.

You all read Bright's speeches, of course.

MR. DROOPER.

Of course I didn't.

THE BARONET.

Then you have no business here. You are too feeble and frivolous to be tolerated. There are some things which it becomes part of a man's daily duty to comprehend, and one of them is the varying aspect of a political crisis. The fact is, my dear fellow, that you are a fribble.

MR. DROOPER (*in a rage*).

You are very rude and very intolerant. I might just as well call you a clown because you don't know—what shall I say—what is the last new piece that has come out in Paris—

THE BARONET (*defyingly*).

But I do know—that's just it. There has been one, called *Hero and Leander*, by a nephew of Fould, the late Jew financier, and it is infernal stuff—

MR. DROOPER (*in continuation of his rage*).

Or what a lady calls the thing she puts in her hair, at the back—

THE BARONET (*triumphantly*).

But I do know, confound you. It's called a *cache-peigne*. That's where I have the pull—I know that, and something else—

MR. DROOPER (*unvanquished*).

Or what that affair at the Clarendon—

THE BARONET (*exultingly*).

But I do know, and the names of the ladies; British and foreign, which were, respectively—

THE EDITOR.

Never mind. I think we'll pretermit that kind of discussion, at least while the note-book's open. I'm sure Drooper is convinced that you are an admirable Crichton, and especially great at compliment.

THE BARONET.

Well, I was rude. But if we are not to be rude to one another, what's the use of being friends? Strangers can talk civilly to one another. (*Laughter*.) I will retract everything.

MR. DROOPER (*laughing*).

Much rather you would not. But don't be in a rage with me, because I am quite content to hear from you what Mr. Bright wants, instead of my having to wade through four or five columns of small type.

THE BARONET.

But, my dear fellow, you ought to be up in such matters. Suppose that the wife of your bosom had inquired of you what was meant by the new agitation for Parliamentary Reform.

MR. DROOPER.

I should have replied to her, that Mr. Balfe's new opera of *Satanella* was to be produced at Covent Garden on Monday, or that Mr. Webster was making superhuman exertions to open the new Adelphi on boxing night. I have reason to believe that either reply would have promptly lured her from political ground to the consideration of a box on the first night.

THE BARONET.

It would besem your manliness—and perhaps, by the way, save your pocket—did you reply, that Mr. John Bright, the leader of the ultra-liberal party, had delivered certain speeches, in which he had partially expounded his views on Parliamentary Reform, and had proposed to take as a basis, household suffrage, and as an accessory, the ballot.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Household suffrage. That's not wide enough. Everybody who pays a tax ought to have a vote.

MR. TEMPLE.

I don't see that, if intelligence is to be a qualification. Many a man would find it easier to pay a tax to a king, than to pay attention to a subject. (*Applause.*)

THE EDITOR.

Brougham, in other days, said of the people of England, that they were as little afraid of epigrams as of cannon balls. We shan't settle the suffrage question with a joke.

THE COLONEL.

You must wait, and see what the Ministry means.

THE BARONET.

And suppose it means—nothing?

THE MANDARIN.

It's not in my department; but I may say that I think that is impossible. Lord Derby would have seen Reform at the deuce, if it had not been forced upon him. He did not think that the time had come for that horse to run. But having resolved to start him, I believe that the orders will be, to run to win. In other words, you will have an important measure. I don't say it will satisfy anybody. I don't believe any measure that can be introduced will do that. But you will have a *bond fide* bill, with bones in it.

MR. TEMPLE.

That I believe, for it is the skeleton in the family of Downing Street. But "can those dry bones live?"

THE BARONET.

I believe not, and that they will sound the Ministerial death-rattle.

THE PROFESSOR.

I do not see the necessity for that. You see that, no matter how desirous are certain noble parties to cast the present Government, which will have remained in office at least a year longer than

certain noble parties intended, when they sulked, and went into a corner,—those noble parties would probably prefer the endurance of the present Cabinet to an appeal to the country when it is well lashed up into excitement, and when a bill involving the introduction of a large democratic element may be a necessity. Not that they hate Derby less, but they hate Bright more. Better keep a tenant you dislike, than have your house burned down.

MR. DROOPER.

I have been listening, and I ask whether I am to be scoffed at for not taking an interest in a game called politics, played in such a way. Why, how much better are your statesmen than the actress who intrigues to get a good part cut down, lest a rival should make a hit in it, but will not intrigue to turn her out of the theatre, for fear lest somebody younger and prettier than either should be engaged by the manager?

THE BARONET.

Well enough put; but it is the greatness of the stakes, not of the players, that makes the game so important.

MR. DROOPER.

The stakes meaning the welfare and destiny of England. And what are Englishmen worth, who will allow such a game to be so played?

MR. TEMPLE.

Now you are going too far.

THE VISITOR.

Not a bit, Sir. You say rightly, Sir, that you Englishmen are contemptible slaves, dazzled by the gilded rag of a frivolous and effete aristocracy, and utterly despicable when compared with the devout sons of Freedom who worship her under the glittering firmament of our star-spangled banner.

THE BARONET.

He never said anything of the sort, nor meant it. I don't wish to make comparisons, but nobody will say that the Prime Minister, whom the united and complex action of our old world institutions has placed at the head of our affairs, is not as able and as honest as the President of the United States, chosen by the machinery of your republic. Besides which, Lord Derby is a first-rate orator, whereas Mr. Buchanan is a very bad one. I don't say that I believe in Lord Derby, but anyhow we are as well served as you, Colonel.

THE VISITOR.

For a gentleman who did not wish to make comparisons, I calculate you've done a pretty bit of Plutarch, Sir.

THE BARONET.

Have you read Mr. Buchanan's letter upon the probabilities of the endurance of the American Union—his problem, whether the states will hold together and form the greatest empire on earth, or whether they will go to pieces? Written by the head of the republic, the document assumes grand proportions.

THE VISITOR.

Snakes! Do tell. No, Sir. I must read Buck.

THE BARONET.

Do; and read, too, the admission on the President's part, that American elections, stated to be so preternaturally regular and pure (except when the defeated party riot, and destroy the voting papers), are now liable to be carried by means of money. Think of that. What will

they say where the ballot is expected to bring the Millennium?

THE VISITOR.

That may be an argument for yourselves, Sir, but has nothing to do with our case. We don't use the ballot for its secrecy, but for its rapidity. If a mechanic invented a better machine, we'd use it.

THE PROFESSOR.

Well, apply to the Society of Arts, and offer a prize. By the way, the Crystal Palace people have applied to the Society to have the Exhibition of 1861 at Sydenham.

MR. STOKES.

That won't do. It would ruin the Exhibition. Sydenham is at present too far for the million. That's an ascertained fact.

THE BARONET.

It would not be too far for the Ten Thousand, if the managers would give you a good dinner; but, speaking for myself, every attempt I have made to dine at the Crystal Palace, has been a failure. They might make it an institution of British society to go there for dinner, as we go to Quartermaine's, or the Trafalgar, if they liked.

MR. STOKES.

I hope that the directors for 1861 will not hear of moving from London.

THE PROFESSOR.

The Society of Arts very sensibly declares itself in no position to entertain the Crystal proposition. The Sydenham folks have plunged into another Sunday battle, and a poll of shareholders is demanded—the numbers on division were more nearly matched than I expected. The meeting however would not permit a speaker to assume that the Sunday was the Sabbath.

THE BARONET.

At a Scotch Church meeting the other day, the same question was raised, and the Moderator had to put it aside. He did it dexterously.

THE EDITOR.

I am glad of it. A Moderator is sometimes a lamp of shining light.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

What's the Barnet and the American gentleman making those mystic motions with their glasses for? Wine's a sacred thing, and I don't like to see it played with.

THE BARONET.

What is your lodge?

THE VISITOR.

Universal Bowie-Knife and Benevolence, 877, where I shall be too proud to see you, Sir, and brother, if you come across and visit the new world.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Bedad! Freemasons! Tell us the secret.

THE EDITOR.

You hear the O'Donnagan's request. I don't see how you can refuse to grant it.

THE BARONET.

What do you know about it? What do you say, brother Micahiah W. Bopp?

THE VISITOR.

I see no objection, Sir, to reveal it, provided the company distinctly and solemnly pledge themselves that what they are told shall go no further. You swear that? All swear!

THE PROFESSOR.

Catiline's conspiracy. I have a strong objection to wounding my own arm, but if you like to call in a shoe-black boy and stick him—

THE VISITOR.

No, no, Sir, we'll dispense with the sanguinary rite, and rely on honour. All promise secrecy.

EIGHT VOICES.

Solemnly.

THE VISITOR.

Then, gentlemen, listen. The secret of Friemansbury, which is a very awful one, is this. The—

[The Editor closes his note-book.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart., has placed one hundred pounds at the disposal of the Council of the Society of Arts, to be awarded as a prize for an "Essay on Marine Algae," as applicable for food, medicine, and industrial purposes.

An important work on America, by Mr. Grattan, for a long period British Consul for the State of Massachusetts, is in a forward state, and will be published early in January.

On Thursday, December 9, died in the Charter House, of which he had been an inmate for about a year and a-half, Mr. Charles Mac Farlane. During thirty years Mr. Mac Farlane had largely contributed to the literature of England. After having travelled in Europe and the East for a considerable period, he published in 1829, "Constantinople in 1828," a lively description of that capital. This was followed by "The Armenians, a Tale of Constantinople," and that by "The Romance of History—Italy," and "Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers." In 1838 he was engaged by Mr. Knight to write, in conjunction with others, "The Pictorial History of England," in which he was the author of the whole, or nearly the whole, of the narrative of civil and military events. An abridgement of this narrative, under the title of "The Cabinet History of England," was subsequently published with his name. This was his most important literary work. He was also the writer of two or three novelets on subjects connected with English history. In 1847 he again visited Turkey, and published "Travels in Turkey, 1847-8," in which he took a most depreciating view of the power and resources of that empire,—views still more strongly enforced in his "Kismet, or the Fate of Turkey." As he returned by land through Italy, he visited Naples and Sardina; and this induced him to publish "Glances at Revolutionised Italy," in which he defended the conduct of the present King of Naples. Declining health and failing eyesight were among the causes which rendered it necessary for him to accept the benefits of the ancient institution, which in our times has afforded a shelter and a resting-place to several deserving men of letters.

Dr. Hume, of Liverpool, is preparing for publication, a "Description of the antiquities found at Hoylake in Cheshire." Hoylake is a village near the mouth of the river Dee, about nine miles from Liverpool. The sea margin exhibits a series of dunes, or sandhills, beneath which there is a thin stratum of black earth on which the tide makes inroads from time to time. Within this earth, and below the present high-water mark, objects of art and industry have been found, indicating almost every degree of civilisation. They have been picked up during a period of thirty years, and though many have been lost or dispersed, Dr. Hume has examined more than two thousand. In date they range over all periods from the prehistoric, British, and Roman times, down to the reign of George II., and they include a very great variety of objects. The work cannot fail to be of great antiquarian and archaeological interest.

Sir Charles Barry has written to the *Times*, to remove a prevalent misconception as to his share in the design of the new Westminster Bridge. He says, in effect, that whilst the general form of

the bridge—its unusual width, lowness, the size of the piers, and the curve and headway of the arches—is in accordance with his design, the elevation (or what may be called its aspect as a work of art) "is so much at variance with that design as to absolve him from all responsibility in respect of the questionable taste of its details." He also denies that the bridge harmonises, as has been asserted, with the style of the New Palace at Westminster; but then he "does not consider such accordance to be necessary, even if it were possible." The bridge, we may add, makes slower progress than was anticipated: the first portion of it is not now expected to be ready for opening before the autumn of 1859. We trust that some consideration will be given to what Sir Charles Barry says of "the questionable taste of its details," with a view to their improvement, if it be not too late.

At eighty-three years of age, after a most eventful life in nearly all parts of the globe, the whole passed in honour, gainsay who may, the brave and venerable Earl of Dundonald appears before his country in a literary character. Ridgways have just published for the indomitable sailor two volumes under the title of "Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru, and Brazil from Spanish and Portuguese Domination," dedicated to his firm friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne. The book is a narrative of gross ingratitude on the part of the States just designated. Our wonder is that the gallant Earl has so long refrained from the exposure he has now made. We rejoice to find that these volumes are not the last we are to expect:—

"It is my intention, if God spare my life, to add to these Memoirs a narrative of my former experience in the British Navy, and what may be of greater utility, an exposition of that which, from jealousy and other causes no less unworthy, I was not permitted to effect. To these I shall add a few remarks upon my connection with the liberation of Greece, developing some remarkable facts which have as yet escaped the notice of historians. These reminiscences of the past will at least be instructive to future generations, and if any remarks of mine will conduce to the permanent greatness and security of my country, I shall deem the residue of my life well spent in recording them."

With reference to the case "Scully v. Ingram," we are informed that steps have been taken on the part of the defendant to obtain a new trial, a motion for which will be made in the ensuing term in January next.

It may be well to mention in respect to the Society of Arts Examinations that Mr. George Harrison, of the Leeds Young Men's Christian Institute, and Mr. George Best, of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, who distinguished themselves at the examinations held by this Society in May last, and who had been nominated by the Council to compete for Supernumerary Surveyorships of Taxes, have obtained appointments, being placed first and second respectively in the list of successful candidates. There were on this occasion five vacancies, and fifteen selected competitors, two nominations having been placed by Lord Derby at the disposal of the Council of the Society of Arts.

The author of the spirit-stirring song "Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?" has recently written a work entitled "Wanderings and Communications with Baron Von Stein," and for writing it he has been sentenced, at Zweibrücken, in Rhenish Bavaria, to two months' imprisonment! Ernst Moritz Arndt, according to his biographer, W. Neumann, was born on the 26th of December, 1769. If he be in the hands of his enemies, the Nestor of German freedom will therefore spend his eighty-ninth birthday in a prison. The character of the book for which he is condemned does not seem to be known to the newspaper correspondents who have furnished the account of his condemnation. From its title, however, we may guess that it is one of those patriotic appeals of which he has put forward so many since he was first associated with Baron Von Stein in their successful effort to arouse their countrymen to a united struggle against the yoke of Napoleon; and we can fancy the delight with which the petty tyrant of Bavaria, emulous of the second Napoleon, has seized the occasion for incarcerating so distinguished

a representative of freedom of thought and liberty of expression.

In the obituary of the week occurs the name of Lady Raffles. As the relic of one of the most remarkable of the many distinguished men who have risen from the ranks of the East India Company's civil service—the author of the "History of Java," and other valuable works on the Malay peninsula, the founder of that now invaluable *entrepot* of commerce, Singapore, and one of the best and most astute of the governors of our smaller Eastern dependencies, the founder and first president of the Zoological Society—Lady Raffles would perhaps claim a word of passing notice. But she has a claim on her own account to a record in a literary journal, her "Memoir of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles" being a work very creditable to her literary talent, and excellent in feeling. Lady Raffles was the second wife of Sir Stamford, to whom she was married in 1817. Her maiden name was Sophia Hull; she survived her husband 22 years. She died on the 12th inst. aged 72, at Highwood, near Hendon, Middlesex, an estate purchased by Sir Stamford shortly after his return to England in 1824.

OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

We have seen the point to which negotiations had reached respecting the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with the Earl of Leicester, when Lord Darnley arrived in Scotland, and was so favourably received by the Queen.

From that moment the struggle began between Leicester, who was supported by Lethington and Murray, and Darnley, who was strongly sustained by the Earl of Athol and all the Roman Catholic Scottish barons. Murray spared no efforts to persuade Elizabeth, and used every argument to induce Cecil to exert his influence with her, that she would recognise Mary Stuart's right to the crown of England, and thereby hasten her marriage with Leicester. Randolph's despatches at this period are long and numerous. He gives a detailed account of his conversations with Queen Mary, in which is clearly set forth her willingness to conform to Elizabeth's wishes with respect to her marriage on these conditions. So much delay had, however, ensued—more than a year had passed since the first overtures were made to Queen Mary on this subject—that her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, still hoped she might marry in France. This was what Murray most dreaded; he declared that unless the English marriage took place, his ruin was inevitable; that his sister, who had hitherto acted by his advice, would in future distrust him, if the hopes which he had held out to her were not realised. In allusion to her uncle's propositions, her dislike to them, and Mary's reasons for "addicting herself wholly to Elizabeth's devotion," Randolph, on the 1st of March, 1565, says:

Of this matter ther hath byn here a good tyme some yttle whysperinge, yt is now come farther abroad agaynste this Q. will, so farre that yt is muttered here amongst us that the Q. self altogether mislyketh her swete and kynde Uncle manner of dealinge, to bestowe her he careteth not howe or wheare so that he maye be the maker of the matche. To meete herewth she imagineth what maye be fetteste. To followe all together her owne fantasie is not beste to be allowed. To be ordered and ruled by her owne subjectes and servantes howe faithfull somever theie be, she thynketh that she yeldeth to muche, and more then cane stonde wth a princely harte, &c. To have wheareth to contente her self, to satisfie the worlde, and to please alsoe other whome she wolde have to thynke well of her wythe, she is moete willinge to followe thadvise of suche one as in grandeur is lyke unto her self, in wysedome through longe experience beyonde her, in hono^r equall, in hearty and good will farre passinge anye that in this matter hytherto hath geven their counsell. To addithe her self whollye to my Sovereign's devotion she thynketh moete surteie, to be ruled and advised by her moete honorable and profitabill, and a doyng thereof she hathewth to satisfie all othe that thus earnestly presse her to do that wheare unto her hearty y^e farthest of. When this shalbe seen, performed, and knowne to all men wth what judgement she hath wayed

the anyties yt have byne made unto her, howe well she hath considered of her owne estate, howe wysely she concludeth to her moste profit and weale of her Countrie; howe honorable yt shalbe thought of her that she dothe rather repose her self upon a Q. as her mother and syster that seeketh onely her weale and contentement than to followe thadvise of those that seeke to mayke marchandize and their owne profit of her, whoe cane not but well allowe of her and comende her wysedome and discretion.

Howe to assure all thys that is here by me wrytten, that thys is her mynde, her will that thys shal take effecte is myche harder then that I cane gyve anye warrant for the performance, nor that will I never take upon me, but that thys by her hath not byne spoken, that thys is not presentely her intente and purpose yf that she fynde in the Q. Ma^{tie} or Sovereigne that she wyll of her parte do in thys case as the [sic] trustee and credit shalbe put in her, as the hope is that she will do for her as to a Syster or Dawghter, or bothe these words sette a parte to her nexte Cousens, I am certayne informed by those that are worthy of credit, that yt ys by her fullye determyned. And because that I maye be deceived here in, yt ys that w^{ch} so manye tymes hath made me crave that some wyse then my self myghte be here to take triall of the veritie here of, and farther deale in these matt^{rs} then my wrytes will serve me, for I were better be owte of the worlde then that the Q. Ma^{tie} sholde be deceived and had rather sustayne anye shame then yt sholde be by me.

Bycawse that these matters importe not a litle that theise sholde come unto y^r knowledge, and nothyng here by me put into wryting that I have not good lykely-hood of the trothe, and of my self nothyng for my respecte wrytten that I have not some reason for me, beinge alwayes in mynde for thynges uncertayne to wryte wth the more caution, I refer the judgements of them to y^r h. to be thoughte upon as you fynde cause, to be used as you thynke good, to be imparted or layde asyde as you fynde them worthy of consyderation.

Randolph dine with the Earl of Murray; and their conversation relates to the same all absorbing topic. Hear the arguments urged by Murray to induce Elizabeth to declare her resolution:

Upon tuesdaye yt pleased my L. of Murraye to cawse me to dyne wth hym alone, savinge his wyf and the Lorde of Paterrowe, the Controwler. We twikid of divers matters, and myche of that w^{ch} I have here wrytten passed or mouthes. Divers dowtes were caste in what wolde be the Q. Ma^{tie} parte towards thys Q. Greater honor theise thoughte could not be shewede then her Ma^{tie} to have a Q. in her will, profitte could not be greater then to have assurance of perpetual peace, a whole people and countrie at her devotion, to rule and guide as she lysted or lyked, I dyd acknowledge unto them that these were thynges of no amale valew, but the price of them to deere so to be boughte as is required. To that theise saide yt is not the kingedome of Englande that is wysed or looked for, for wthowis the losse of a derer frende then a kingedome is worthe, that of righte cane not be had. Yet to satisfye the worlde, to have the honor and name of heire apparente, daughter adoptive or syster to a Q. of Englande, is the thyng that moveth her moste and will contente her frendes and subjectes beste, les that she sholde seme to have done all for naughte, and thoughte she neglected the counsell of her frendes that yet she provided well inough for her estate.

Again with reference to the Earl of Leicester personally, Randolphe writes on the same day:

I saide agayne that theise requered hym to be matched wth their Q. that stode in hope of a greater at home, one unwilling ever to marrie but whear he judged of all crotours moste worthynes, a man that shalbe broughte from all quietnes of lyf, from honor inough, from lyvinge sufficiencye to dwell in a strayinge countrie, w^{ch} an unknowne people, to lyve in daynger and subjection (as whoe so ever that is not a kinge and marrie the Q. muste and shal submyt hym self to a thousande adventures and perils), w^{ch} thynges considered no frende, no good Counsellor that loved hym coulde gyve hys advise to thavende. To saye playnelye to you, saythe my L. of Murraye, for the partie whome you mende I trowe we shal fynde more contentement in hym then anye thynges els that ys lyve to fawle unto us, to whom yf we coulde wyshe greater honor we thynke hym worthy of yt, yet I do beleve that wth wth hym, we shal the worse lyke the reste, for of hym we have some knowledge, and have some assurance of his vertu all or contentementes; for thother yt is uncertayne, and yt yt fell to morrowe, I trowe that yt wolde trowe us more wth then comoditie, and no lesse sorrowe to o^r mestres than to anye of y^r selves.

Pitarow, the Comptroller, who was present at this meeting, also speaks with considerable eloquence. He observes:

For my L. Robert (he beareth yet here no other name, for Leicester is not so reddie in o^r mouthes as that w^{ch} we were wonte to call hym by) suppose he yeaile so muche unto reason, as he to be the meane to unite these two Contries together, what hath he loste of honor, what of profit, what of pleasure, thought not so greates as he doth desyer yet inough for anye man that feareth God or cane be contente to lyve under a lawe? The dayngers you speake of, waye them wth judgemente, and you shal fynde them lesse for hym to marrie abroad than wth anye that he cane matche wth at home. Yf he marrie wth y^r Quene, the nature of y^r Countrie men will hardlie beare yt; yf he take ther anye other, yet will yt not be inough to avoide suspicion. I speake yt playnlye, and for his vertu I love hym, and yf you gyve us a paypste I had rather that you tooke all the reste from us.

He also joins with Murray in urging Elizabeth, through Randolphe, to come to a speedy resolution:

Prolonge no tyme [he continues]. Remember as you have heard spoken here by my L. howe earnestly she is soughte otherwyse. You knowe her yeares, you see the lustynes of her boddie, you knowe what these thynges requere, yt is all o^r parts to farther yt. Losse of her tyme is o^r destruction, and yt is o^r parte to be moste careful for that w^{ch} we knowe to be feteste and moste assured for her estate. Thys w^{ch} hath byne moved from y^r mestres of all wyse men is beste allowed, and we that are her subjectes contente o^r selves wth yt, yea thynke o^r selves happie yf yt come to passe. Leave not therfore to do us good, we remember how myche we are beholdinge unto you, and nowe mayke us bounde unto you for ever. Loos us not, for we will hardelye be founde. As some of us have had (nexte unto o^r owne Sov^{ty}) a trewe hearte unto you for ever, or at the leaste since we begane to knowe good a righte, I speake yt for my L. as for my self, so shal we never be other excepte that yt come of y^r selves. Thys I wolde that the Q. Ma^{tie} y^r mestres knewe; and yf I were present wth her, I wolde take the boldenes to speake yt, and myche more then I have saide.

Such was the eloquent language, such were the powerful appeals used to persuade Elizabeth to come to a final determination upon this momentous business. Randolphe "dyd not muche contrarie his twilke." "To put them in greates hope," he observes, "I coulde not; and to discourage them I thoughte yt not feete."

Murray protested that he had the worst part; that it is reported through England, France, and Scotland,

What matters have passed betwene y^r mestres and myne, and that it is well known that he is a traveller to y^r effecte, w^{ch} (he declares) I repente not, for before God I do thynke yt the beste; and added secretlye, "Whatsomever ye do wth us, contende and stryve as myche as you cane to bringe us from o^r papystrie, for other wyse yt wilbe worse wth us then ever yt was. I hope nowe better of her then ever I dyd. I see yt she taketh some despyte agaynst her good mother the Q. Douaire, and what opinion she hath of her uncle, the Card., you maye perceave, and yt w^{ch} of all other I do lyke beste, hys spie, Lunserye, her phisitian, goethe shortlye awaye, whoe for the opinion that the Q. hath of hym is greatlye credited, and no man so myche amongeste us all for Frenche matters."

On the 4th of March Randolphe again wrote to Cecil as follows:

Upon Thursday at a great dyner with my L. of Murraye was my L. of Lenox and my L. his sone, the moste parte of the noble men that wer in towne wth the Ladies of the Courte. At thys dyner yt pleased my L. also that I sholde be. The Q. sente worde that she wyshe her self in the compaignie, and was sorrie that she was not bedde to the banquet. Yt was merrylye answerde that the house was her owne, she myghte come undesyered. Other saide that theise were merrieste when the table was fullest, but princes dyd ever use to dyne alone. She sendeth then worde agayne that she dyd somonde us all agaynst Sondaye to be at her banquet at the mariage of her Englishe man. After dyner we came all to her presence. Amongste those that were ther my L. of Murraye and I had longeste taulke. Nothyng all moste that at anye tyme before had byne spoken of but yt was renewed. All her wordes full of good will and reddines to do whatsomever w^{ch} her honor myghte stonde moste to the Q. Ma^{tie} contentement. She talked longe of her

Ma^{tie} estate of her governemete, of her mercie and pytie towards offenders, and inspecial that she had not followed the steapes of her prediceours in shedinge of bloude. Maynie other thynges greedly to her Ma^{tie} prayse was spoken by her. We fell in communication of religion. I boore her G. in hande that she begane to save of the hugenotts. That she denied. We twikid of her masse. She defended yt the beste she coulde. We have concluded that the chance of her religion shalbe so some as she cane be perswaded to better, w^{ch} she thynketh she cane not be by anye that yt she hath heard speake. I desyered her to take counsell of the Q. Ma^{tie} my mestres. Abyde, saythe she, untill I come ther. I asked her when that sholde be, and she saide when y^r mestres wolde. We fell from this purpose to twilke of her mariage. She saide to that she was mynded. I prayde God that her choyce myghte be good. He muste be suche one as He wyll gyve me. I saide that God had made a fayer offer in hym for whome I had byne so othayne tymes in hande wth her G. Of thys matter, saythe she, I have sayde inough, excepte that I sawe [?] greates lykelyhood, nor I maye not applie and sette my mynde but whear I intende to be a wyf in deade. And in good faythe no creatour lyvinge shal mayke me breake more of my will then the Q. my good Syster, yf she wyll use me as a Syster; yf not I muste do as I maye, and yet not fayle unto her in anye thyng that ys my parte. I was not wyllinge further to enter into thys matter untill suche tyme as I here farther of my Sov^{ty} pleasure. Hitherto, as farre as I cane perceave, she beareth so myche good wyll to the Q. Ma^{tie} as to none the lyke. I gather yt not onlye by that w^{ch} she speaketh to my self, but also by some thynges that are largelye spoken by her. W^{ch} all I leave to y^r h. consyderation, and moste earnestlye crave of y^r h. to be advised what in all these matters I maye farther do, whear in the more expedition that ye used the better. I trust I shalbe hable to satisfye the Q. Ma^{tie} in my doynge.

In reference to the Earl of Lennox and his son, Randolphe says:

My L. of Lenox and my L. his sone are bothe in healtie and merrie, daylie at the Courte well made of; but nowe lesse twilke of anye thyng intended by the Q. towards hym then was at his fyrste newe cominge. The Duke in thys poynte is not yet resolved; but as he hath the good cause useth hym self warylye. He had one wth me whome he trusteth. I dyscomferte hym in nothyng, nor assure hym of that w^{ch} I cane not performe.

Randolphe had already informed Cecil, on the 1st of March, that a messenger had arrived out of France from the Earl of Bothwell "to purchase here for him some grace and favour either for return [to Scotland] or by this Queen's means to enjoy there [in France] some such condition of life, as he may live with the countenance of a man of his calling and birth." The application, if made, was not successful, and we learn from the following letter that failing Queen Mary's consent to his return to Scotland, Bothwell suddenly made his appearance without it. Randolphe's remarks concerning Mary's behaviour to Darnley and his speculations thereon are not without interest:

Thomas Randolphe to Secretary Cecil.

Edinburgh, 15th March, 1564-5.

To call unto y^r h. remembrance suche thynges as before I have wrytten ar to mayke rehersall of them agayne or suche lyke, I thynke yt rather trouble unto you then needefull. Onlye thys towards those matters I thynke good to lette y^r h. understonde, that thys Q. is daylie in hande wth me to knowe howe sone I judge that the Q. Ma^{tie} will take some resolution what waye she intende to conclude in those thynges that so longe tyme have byne in communication. As she is willinge to do that w^{ch} maye be in honor to her Ma^{tie} contentement, so cane she not but be in some mistruste of these longe delays, and mervyleth to what ende theise tende. Whether that my L. of Murraye in that lre w^{ch} herewth I sende unto y^r h. hath made anye mention here of or noe I knowe not [I do not find this letter]. Of my L. Bothwell's arrivall I dowte not but y^r h. is advertised for so I desyered my L. of Bedford, as his L. had occasion to sende. The Q. nowe altogether myslyketh his home cominge wthowte her G. licence. She hath all reddie sende a Sergeant of Armes to somonde hym to under lyve the lawe, w^{ch} if he refuse to do he shalbe pronounced rebell. Bycawse that yt is thoughte that he will leave thys countrie agayne, and perchance for a tyme seeke some refuge in Engl. I am requered to wryte unto y^r h. to be a meane unto the Q. Ma^{tie} that he maye have no recess wth in her Ma^{tie} realum and that warninge therof maye be given to

the Q. Mast officers, as I have alreddie wrytten to my L^o of Bedforde and S^t John Foster. For as myche also as my L^o of Bothwell is charged by Murraye to have spoken dyvers unhonorable words agaynst thys Q. and also to have threatned the Earle of Murraye and Q. of Lid. that he wolde be the deathe of them bothe at his retorne into Scotlande, and yt Murraye callethe to wytnes of these wordes one Dandie Pringle, dwellinge besydes Newcastell, my L^o of Murraye hathe wrytten hym self and also desyred me to wryte to the saide Pringle that he come hyther unto hym wth all conveniente speede to knowe what he is hable to saye towchynge those matters. Thys Pringle at that tyme was servant to the Earle Bothwell, and hathe promised yf he be called to verifie the same.

My L^o of Argyle hathe byne continuallye sycke since he came to this towne. He hathe uttered so myche of his mynde unto me that he playnlye mislykethe the cominge home of my L^o Darlie. For he saythe that the affections of women are uncertayne. To that w^{ch} he hathe alreddie geven his consente he will abyde bye. Yf he fynde anye thyng intended other wyse, he and his will the beste theye can provide for them selves. Thus myche I wryte unto yo^r h. for theeffecte of myche longer and earnest tawke that he used at two severall tymes wth me of thys matter. For myne owne parte hytherto I am void of suspition of anye grete good will that is borne towards hym. Of her G. good usage of hym, of the ofayne tawke that she hathe wythe hym, of the countenance and good visage towards hym, I thynke yt to procede rather of her owne courtois nature than that anye thyng is moente of that w^{ch} som here do feare may issue thereof. At the leaste tyme wyll mayke yt open, and good trial wyll had of her constancie whearof in special she wolde be counted nothyng inferio^r to anye.

I trouble yo^r h. to longe, havinge no more serious matter than thys my laste purpose to wryte of. Mooste humblye I take my leave. At Edenboure the xvth of Marche, 1584.

Yo^r h. bounden
ever to commaunde,
THO: RANDOLPHE.

Randolphe adds in a postscript that before these letters were despatched out of his hands he received Queen Elizabeth's letters, to which he can say nothing until he had "made declaration of her Mast wyl to thys Q., w^{ch} shalbe so sone as convenientlye may be." These letters contained Elizabeth's refusal to recognise Mary's right to the succession until she was married. It is therefore clear that Queen Mary did not recall Bothwell from France after being informed of Queen Elizabeth's resolution, that she might use him if necessary against Murray, which some historians have asserted, but that Bothwell suddenly returned to Scotland without Mary's license, and before the marriage with Leicester was so abruptly broken off; that she disapproved of his return, and summoned him to submit to the laws of the land, "w^{ch} yf he refuse to do he shalbe pronounced rebell."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 15th December.

I TOLD you, in one of my recent letters, that there had occurred something latterly at the *Conservatoire* here, in the Professorial department, that called for notice. It is the very smallest fact possible, but it is a fact,—just as the rushing of all Paris to applaud Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, which piece satirised implacably those who most applauded it, was also a fact, and a significant one. Of all the things that people in general society talk of most and know least about, there is none whereof more is said or less known than vocal music. The old and glorious art of "voice-building" is lost. Oh! for a musical Ruskin! How often have I, and the few who, like me, care for these things, had occasion to send forth that cry! "Why," said Rossini, to a friend of mine the other day, "Why should I go now to lyrical theatres? What should I go to hear? Singers who are gone-by now, and whom I have heard in their perfection when I was young? Or young singers who have not the faintest idea even of what a voice is, and who, if they have the rudiments of a good one, will have destroyed them in a few months?"

Alas! alas! it is but too true. It is worth while inquiring the cause of the one perpetual want felt in our days of singers who do not "go off" in an incredibly short time. "How very short a time singers last now-a-days!" is a phrase one hears for ever repeated, and the thing itself is true. A singer no sooner comes out, and is made much of, than he or she begins to show signs of a voice whence the bloom is fading. Giuglini, who is a young tenor, full of good qualities, bears the marks of scratches already upon what I would term the enamel of his voice; Albani sings below the tone constantly (yet if ever nature made a perfect organ, hers was one); Bosio has inequalities, and her freshness is getting impaired. Take the tenors here, too: Roger is a man in the prime of life, yet is almost unbearable from the deterioration of his voice; Gueymard had the lungs of an ox, and the sonority of a trumpet,—he is quite young, but the voice is "used up;" Mario is only now reaching the age when Rubini first produced his great *furore* all over Europe! Yet Mario has now little else than defects, with here and there a beautiful note saved from the wreck! Compared to this, look at the past: Rubini's ten best years were from forty to fifty; Pisoni, at sixty-seven, in private, sings still; Grassini, at seventy, had preserved all the truth of her intonation; Catalani, up to the hour of her death, had entire command over her vocal resources. The instances are too numerous to quote of the vocalists of old times who preserved their voices true and equal to a late age, yet our days have none such to show. Why is this? Singers being in incomparably greater demand than they had ever used to be, and the proportion of lyrical theatres being as ten or twelve to one of what they were eighty years ago, the question is a useful one. Why the singers of our day do not last! Because their voices are not formed, and they are totally ignorant of what should be done to form them. Evoke the shade of Malibran, and ask her what she underwent whilst her father, Garcia, taught her to form her voice. Summon the spirit of Rubini, and bid him enumerate his sufferings under Nozzari. Go back to the palmy days of Crescentini and the immortal *Conservatoire* of Naples, when singers were few (as really excellent artists always will be), and it took many, many years to make one.

If Marchesi and Pacchierotti, and Davide (the elder), could arise from their graves and speak, they would tell you it is no joke to render a voice fit for singing, but they would also tell you that unless made thus "fit," it will break down at the first difficulty, and in an incredibly short space of time be a ruin, besides being a terrible ear-sore to us, who are condemned to listen to it during the gradual process of its breaking down.

Now-a-days, instead of there being few singers, and those being first-rate, Europe, and America too, are over-run with men and women, who are devoid of even an elementary notion of what their own voices are really capable of. But not only are there now no Masters as there used to be, but I am in some doubt, if there were any, whether singers would go to them. One common absurdity is to prate about the "natural voice." There is no natural voice. Nature gives a vocal enunciation for the purposes of speaking, calling, shouting, or screaming out loudly, if in danger; but she does not give a voice ready fashioned to the work that is not natural; she does not give a voice ready to execute violin passages, take flying leaps from one extremity to the other of its extent, or sustain the sonority of one note until it dies away like the vibrations of a bell. She does not, and never did all this; and there is no absurdity beyond that of supposing the existence of a "natural" ready-made voice for the purposes of singing. Go and fetch the best hack you can find in any gentleman's stables, or take even a really fine hunter, and without any "training" at all, put him to do the work of a "Toxophilite;" we all know what would be the result. Yet this is done every day of our lives in the vocal world, and untrained vocalists are every day turned loose upon the "stiff" ground of all but impossible

vocal music, and told to "go in and win"—which, of course, they never do.

The three only singers of this day who bear marks of teaching or "training," are three who are past the middle of life; these are Mmes. Gristi, Frezzolini, and Tamberlik. Watch either of these three open their mouths, take their breath, or emit the sound of their voices, and you see at once you have an artist before you. I do not mean a musician (Gristi, for one, is not that), I mean a vocal artist properly trained.

Much has been said, I am aware, of the harm done to singers by the extraordinary instrumental (and not vocal) music they are required to sing. There is truth, too, in this; and Meyerbeer, Verdi, and some others have a great deal to answer for, no doubt; but the real cause of the mischief lies in the total absence of all due training. The singers of old times—who lasted—had to sing constantly Mozart's music, and Mozart, be it said, rarely writes commodiously for the voice; witness *Donna Anna*, and *Don Juan* himself, and the various parts of the *Zauberflöte*, and the *Vittellia* of the *Clemenza* and the music of *Zerlina* and of *Cherubino*—to sing which properly ten years' practice would hardly be too much, they being, strictly speaking, violin, and not vocal music. Yet these parts were sung, and the singers lasted; but these singers were duly "trained."

Well, now I am coming to what regards the *Conservatoire* here. Singing is neglected in Italy, and there are no longer there any great schools for the vocal art. But here matters are far worse, for there is one. Worse than not being trained at all, the very little training singers get here is the very worst and most mischievous possible; and (except in here and there an instance, as with that admirably-gifted vocalist, Faure) the subjects who are sent forth from the *Conservatoire* are about the most pitiable of all; for the falsest principles are given them, and the teaching they have had has, in nine cases out of ten, worn them out before they arrive even at their *début*. One great cause of the inferiority of French vocalists in general is the detestable system still adhered to of the *sol-fège*. Anything so completely absurd can hardly be conceived. The first requisite for good singing being a proper emission of the voice, and its clearest possible passage from the phonic cavities to the outward air, is it not insane to persist in closing a door and placing a barrier before that passage? Yet this, and nothing else, is achieved by the *sol-fège*. Whereas the vowel *a* is the only sound by the emission or enunciation whereof the voice can be properly formed, the French system condemns sound to come forth obstructed by the enunciation of a consonant, and forces the unfortunate vocalist to filter his voice through the syllables *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si*, instead of pouring its full stream naturally forth, through the medium of its natural sluiceway, the vowel *a*. No consonant is natural to the voice; but neither are the vowels *e* or *i* or *o* or *u* (whichever way pronounced). The other vowels and all consonants are to be enunciated much later when the instrument being made, it learns to put words upon notes. This is a subsequent and separate study (ask Porpora and all the Masters). Well, the first obstacle opposed to good vocal teaching in the *Conservatoire* here is, then, the persistent adoption of the *sol-fège*. Now, about a fortnight since I chanced to see lying on the pianoforte of a lady friend of mine, a little modest looking volume, in 8vo., entitled "Alphabétique vocal; a preparatory method, teaching how to emit and place the voice, and how to vocalise." As I have made the musical art the object of good many years' study, I was strongly attracted towards the little book, and opened it. I was delighted at every line. The author, Panofka (a name well-known to all students of the vocal science), in a few words establishes the fact of the injury done to the education of the voice by the *sol-fège* system, and the absolute necessity of forming previously the sounds which are to be made to bear other vowels besides *a*, and any consonants. I then and there devoured the book, and was rejoiced to find that one man, a

least, had at last been found to declare loudly the French system an impossible one, when to my unspeakable surprise, what should I discover?—that the *Conservatoire* itself had "authorised" the volume, had "recommended" it, and declared it "excellent" as "a preparation for the *sofège*!"

Now, if ever there was an instance of people adopting what is their own condemnation, this is one. The whole professional class in this country knows only how to teach by use of the *sofège*; if that be once exploded, where will be the teachings of these gentlemen, the consequences whereof are more deplorably manifest with each succeeding day? That the volume I speak of is super-excellent—of that there can be no doubt; but that the *Conservatoire*, with its traditions, should adopt it, is what I cannot comprehend. What I had read however, made me anxious to read more of an author so deeply informed upon a theme where ignorance is now the universal law. I accordingly procured a large folio volume entitled "*L'Art de Chanter*," and have with genuine delight read it through three times. At last, then, a real professor of the vocal art is to be found, reviving all the science of the old Italians, continuing their lessons, inventing, too, no little; for there are precepts and practices in this voluminous treatise of M. Panofka's for the "junction of the chest and head-registers of the voice," which are utterly new, and overcome what sometimes puzzled the doctors of other days. The "*Art de Chanter*" is a wonderful book, it is the work of a Master. The author, I am now assured, resided several years in London, and gave up, it seems, many years to the studies requisite for the composition of so valuable an addition to the musical literature of this age. One of the greatest theorists now living, one of the last genuine authorities upon these matters, Frétiis, has, I am told, written something upon the work I speak of, and, as might be easily foreseen, has given it the need of praise it merited, but which is doubled by the world-wide fame of the giver.

I do not apologise to your readers for so long a letter upon what some may call a "dry" subject, for I began by exclaiming, "Oh! for a musical Ruskin!" And I ask you whether anyone would apologise to his readers, if he had suddenly fallen upon a yet unknown work of Ruskin's, and had been over-talkative upon it? This Panofka is a sort of Ruskin in the vocal art; and if I had the honour of his personal acquaintance, I would try and excite him to the preaching of a crusade against the heathens. Vocal art is becoming extinct, and at a time when fashion calls for a larger supply of professional vocalists every day. This is a false state of things, and one against which, whosoever loves music, or makes one of his pleasures out of the hearing of it, ought to lift his voice. That France should persist in her old absurd system should astonish no one. *Le sofège* is a species of artistic "protection and prohibition." Its overthrow will be as difficult as the establishment of Free Trade.

The *Conservatoire* is as retrograde as everything else here; nevertheless, it has just now adopted what is the principle of a reform; and, like the society of old welcoming Beaumarchais, has welcomed its opponent.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

THURSDAY, Dec. 21.—*Royal Society of Literature*, 2 P.M. Mr. Christmas on "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada."—*Statistical Society*, 8 P.M. Papers to be read.—1. Mr. Fox "On the Vital Statistics of the Society of Friends." 3. Mr. Danson "On a Method of Relieving the Density of Town Populations."

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23.—*Society of Arts*, 8 P.M. Dr. Forbes Watson "On the Growth of Cotton in India."—*South Kensington Museum*, 8 P.M. Mr. W. Burges "On the Conventional Ornament of the 13th Century."

THURSDAY, Dec. 23.—*Naturalistic Society*, 7 P.M.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—On Friday the 10th inst., being the Nineteenth Anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, at a general assembly of the Academicians, the following silver medals were awarded: to William

Holyoake, for the best painting from the living draped model; to Ebenezer Crawford, for the best drawing from the life; to Charles Bell Birch, for the best model from the life; to Frank Topham, for the best drawing from the antique; to Sydney G. Cameroux, for the best model from the antique; to Henry M. Eyton, for a perspective drawing.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A crowded meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening, at Burlington-house, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair. The papers read were: 1. "Notes on the River Amur and the adjacent districts," by MM. Peschurof, Vasilief, Radde, Usoltzof, Pargachefski, &c. 2. "Explorations in Ecuador, 1856-57." By G. J. Pritchett, Esq. At the conclusion of the paper an animated discussion ensued, in which Mr. Markham, the author, Mr. Gerstenberg, and Mr. Hazlewood took part. The Chairman then adjourned the meeting to the 10th of January, 1859.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday, December 1, Sir Thomas Phillips, member of council, in the chair. The paper read was on "Copper Smelting," by Mr. Hyde Clarke. The author pointed out that copper smelting was of considerable importance in England, not only because we smelt our own ore, but because we had also a large business in smelting foreign ores and refining copper. Although English copper mines did not produce very rich ore, they produced such as could be easily smelted; and the advantage of cheap fuel enabled us to undertake the smelting of the rich ores of other countries on better terms than they could themselves. It was further to be noticed that France, Belgium, and Holland were almost destitute of copper mines, so that the English had an opening there for manufactured copper, and could compete in central Europe with the Russian copper. The author stated it as his opinion, however, that with all these advantages, it was still to be questioned whether the English copper trade had reached its height, or was free from vicissitudes. At present copper smelting was a routine work, followed out as a mechanical practice rather than as a scientific operation; but the description of it was interesting, because it was continually undergoing modifications. The author proceeded to give a detailed account of the various processes employed in the treatment of copper ores. The first process was called sampling, and consisted of separating the various qualities of ore, which were then dried, and if consisting of sulphurate, were calcined to get rid of some of the superfluous sulphur. The ore was then placed in a reverberatory furnace, the construction and management of which the author described in considerable detail. The coarse metal produced by the last-mentioned process required further calcining, and for this purpose an arrangement, suggested by Napier, and further improved by Mr. Alfred Trueman, was employed. The calcined coarse metal was then melted, the result being the production of blue or fine metal, and sharp slag. The fine metal was then roasted, frequently twice, and afterwards placed in the refining furnace, and finally cast into ingots, tiles, or bar wires, according to the demand. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Charles Lowe, J. A. Phillips, J. H. Marchison, P. L. Simmonds, John Bethell, and the Chairman took part.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Dec. 2nd, Professor Bell, President, in the chair. Howard Warburton Elphinstone, Esq., Chas. Wm. Harrison, Esq., and E. Perceval Wright, M.D., were proposed, and Charles Ratcliff, Esq., and Jas. Sidney Walker, Esq., were elected *Fellows*; and Dr. Frederick Welwitsch was elected an *Associate*. I. D. C. Sowerby, Esq., F.L.S., exhibited a monstrosity of *Aspidistra lurida*, with octo-partite flowers, from the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park. Read: 1st, "Catalogue of Hymenopterous Insects, collected by A. R. Wallace at the Islands of Arn and Key," by Frederick Smith, Esq., Assist. Zool. Dept., British Museum. 2nd, "On the Linnean MS. of

the Museum Regime Ludovici Ulrici," by Sylvanus Hanley, Esq., F.L.S. 3rd, "A Note on the Morphology of the *Balsaminæ*," by Prof. Henfrey, F.R.S. and L.S. 4th, "On the Arborescent Ferns of New Zealand," by T. S. Ralph, Esq., A.L.S.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Dec. 4th, Colonel Sykes M.P., in the chair. The Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., and F. Matheson, Esq., were elected members. A letter was read from Professor Holmboe, of Christiania, mentioning the discovery in Norway of an ornament of gold, bearing a device very much of an Indo-Sassanian character, being that of a helmeted head, apparently that of a king, with the peculiarity of a serpent rising out of one of the shoulders, as if it was intended to represent the tyrant Zohak, of Persian legends. A still more remarkable circumstance, is the presence of an inscription in front of the head, in the oldest form of the Indian alphabet,—the letters of the monuments of Friyadosi, at Delhi and Girnar, of the third century before our era. There is no doubt whatever of their identity, although some few of them are peculiar, and the whole does not admit of a satisfactory reading. There are two words that may be rendered with some confidence, "*jaya*" (victory); and "*rana*" (war), making it probable that the inscription records the name of some Persian prince, who ruled over a portion of western India, on the confines of Aréna or Khorasan. Professor Holmboe purposes to publish a memoir on the subject; but is anxious in the meantime that the discovery should be made known to Orientalists. Mr. Fowle completed the reading of his translation of the Burmese ethical work, the "*Nidlie Kyan*." In concluding the paper, he stated that a general diffusion of education was characteristic of the Burmese; that out of a hundred day-labourers, not ten would be found ignorant of reading, writing, and arithmetic. This was owing to education being given gratuitously at all the monasteries, and to the necessity of every male child being entered as a novice in a monastery before he entered secular life, instruction being continued till the novice was twelve or thirteen years of age. Females were less educated than males, as they had to pay for instruction at private schools.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Nov. 24, T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair. The names of twenty-seven new associates were announced. Various presents from the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Archaeological Institute, the Monmouthshire and Cardigan Antiquarian Association, the Board of Trade, the Canadian Institute, &c., were received for the Library. Mr. Sadd exhibited a Celtic spear head, recently found at Bottisham Lodge, near Cambridge; Mr. Vere Irving produced the olla discovered in the Cissbury Camps, Sussex, one of which was a trace of gilding. Mr. Irving also exhibited a spur of the time of Henry VII., and an iron key of the 15th century, also exhumed at Cissbury. Mr. Forman exhibited a rare and most beautiful example of bronze Roman key, having on its stem an ornamental termination resembling one figured by Montfaucon from the Gênéviève collection. Mr. Wills exhibited a small lock from Hever Castle, Kent. It was of the time of Henry VII. Also a large key with pipe and open bit, reported to have belonged to the boudoir of Anne Boleyn in Hever Castle, but which upon examination proved to be a chamberlain's key of the 17th century, of German workmanship, and altogether a magnificent specimen of brass key, strongly gilt. Mr. A. Massell, of Longford Castle, exhibited the Britain Crown of James I., in fine condition, dug out of a chalk pit in the neighbourhood of the castle. Mr. Clarke, of Eastor, forwarded a gold ring, with the motto, "To God's decree wee both agree," and a rubbing from a carved cabinet having a merchant's mark, and the name of Robert Veysey. Mr. Pidgeon exhibited a Chilian wooden stirrup and a water-jug, also a model foot taken from an Indian grave, which was said to have formed a drinking-vessel. Mr. Syer Cumming read a curious and interesting paper on forged

matrices of ancient seals, exhibiting a number of impressions obtained from the British Museum, Lancashire Museum, &c. Several could be traced as having been executed either in Lancashire or Yorkshire, and were made to bear interest for distinguished families in those counties. Mr. Cumming also read a notice respecting a recent discovery of a Roman lead coffin found at Shadwell, which, we are glad to learn, has been deposited in the British Museum. From the observations of Mr. Cumming there is every reason to believe that it may be the same mentioned as discovered in 1615 by Sir Robert Cotton. It resembles the one of which the Association published an account, found in Haydon Square, in 1853. The ornamentation resembles that described in the "Association Journal," and of that of one found at Colchester, and scallop shells and a bead-like representation abound. Excellent drawings of the Shadwell coffin were exhibited, and directed to be engraved and to accompany the paper of Mr. Cumming.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, Dec. 14th, 1886, Dr. Gray, Vice-president, in the chair. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. R. F. Tones, containing "Notes on a Collection of Mammalia, made by Mr. Fraser at Gualaquiza." Mr. Slater communicated a paper "On the Birds collected by Mr. Fraser in the vicinity of Riobamba in the Republic of Ecuador." He enumerated in all sixty species of birds, and among them characterised six as new, under the following names:—*Troglodytes solstitialis*, *Catamenia homochroa*, *Chrysomitris melanops*, *Agriornis solitaria*, *Elania griseigularis*, and *Elania stictoptera*. Mr. Salmon exhibited the eggs of Baillons Crake, taken from a nest in Cambridgeshire in the current year. Mr. Holdsworth read a paper on the *Zoanthus Couchii*, of Johnston. The existence in our seas of a compound zoophyte belonging to a group so essentially tropical as the *Zoanthidae*, was first made known by Mr. R. Q. Couch, who obtained a small species from deep water near the Cornish coast. It was subsequently described, and figured in Dr. Johnston's "British Zoophytes," and has been since eagerly sought for, but apparently without success, or if captured, its characters have not been positively recognised. There is reason, however, to believe that the original description was imperfect; and it is probable that specimens of a compound polype, found by Mr. Barlee and others, along our northern coasts, and some lately obtained by Mr. Holdsworth, in Torbay, may all be referred to *Zoanthus Couchii*. The living polypes exhibited to the meeting, were dredged on the 12th of October last, in ten or twelve fathoms water, at about a mile from the eastern headland of Torbay; and, although small, agree in other respects with the probably maturer examples from other parts of the coast.—Mr. E. L. Layard communicated a paper on some *Tesellata*, lately found in the Botanic Gardens, in Cape Town.

The Primeval World: a Treatise on the Relations of Geology to Theology. By Rev. Paton J. Gloag. (Edinburgh: Clark.)

FROM the dawn of modern science to the present day there has always existed a small band of critics who have endeavoured to show that its successive discoveries are opposed to revealed truth. These critics have rarely been distinguished either for breadth of philosophic views, or range and accuracy of scientific knowledge. They have generally mastered just enough philosophy to generalise in a broad and rapid manner, and just enough science to illustrate their generalisations with an imposing array of facts, more or less correctly stated so as to give a *prima facie* appearance of probability to their reasoning. The "Vestiges" is perhaps the best recent example of this kind of argument, a clever attractive book suggesting many views that are both true and valuable, but wretchedly deficient in scientific accuracy as well as in real philosophic depth and power. In our own day the battle between natural and revealed truth has, however, been mainly fought on the

ground of geology. This was natural enough. It is the most recent science, and its early discoveries seemed to furnish an inexhaustible storehouse of weapons to hostile critics. The record contained in the early pages of the world's history, as these were successively opened and read by geologists, appeared in striking contrast to the Biblical narrative of creation. The discrepancies were seized upon with something like exultation by the minute philosophers of every school, and brought forward in the most effective manner as a triumphant argument not only against the correctness of the Mosaic account of creation, but against the trustworthiness of Scripture history in general. The contest did not languish for want of champions on the orthodox side. Amongst the early students and expositors of geology several clergymen held a distinguished place. These scientific pioneers soon appeared as militant churchmen. They headed a new philosophic crusade against the infidel, doing battle manfully in behalf of the divided Osiris of truth. They maintained the substantial harmony of the scientific with the revealed record of creation, and devised various theories to explain the alleged discrepancies between them,—theories partly philological, depending on the meaning of the words *day*, *creation*, *earth*, and the like, partly philosophical as to the nature of the Mosaic account, whether it is a poem, a vision, or a simple straightforward narrative.

In our view these efforts of reconciliation have been carried to a needless if not an injurious extreme. Too much has been made of the alleged discrepancies between the facts of geology and the scripture narrative, and too much attention paid to the polemic of those who insist on these differences with the view of undermining the authority of the Bible. In the first place, this polemic is, as we have said, rarely supported by men of real scientific eminence. What Bacon says of philosophy is equally true of science, that while a superficial knowledge may incline a man to scepticism, profounder insight tends to confirm his faith. In the second place, the materials for an adequate theory of reconciliation do not yet exist. In the present state of the science all such speculations are merely *ad interim* hypotheses, liable to continual change; and any one that saves the facts will do almost as well as any other. The painful elaboration of any particular theory is little better than labour thrown away. We cannot help regarding the argumentative parts of Hugh Miller's last work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," very much in this light. These were the very parts on which he bestowed the most labour, and to which he attached the highest importance. But his operose attempt to harmonise the two theologies, natural and revealed, is after all only a splendid failure. To lay great stress on such an attempt by implicitly assuming that the credibility of the Scripture narrative depends on its success is, to say the least of it, impolitic—an entire mistake in fact.

Mr. Gloag, the author of the little treatise now before us, has avoided this error. He does not think the time has yet arrived for the elaboration of a satisfactory theory harmonising the Mosaic cosmogony with the facts of geology, and while stating the various hypotheses that have been devised for this purpose, he commits himself to none.

"We regard all attempts at the discovery of an adequate theory of reconciliation for the present, hopeless. Geology, as a science, does not appear to be in that state of advancement which would enable us to apply its deductions to the Mosaic narrative; there are still several data wanting; we are, in particular, ignorant of the period immediately preceding the present, and therefore of those facts, which it is essential to know, before we can form any satisfactory theory. There is avowedly among geologists an ignorance as to the precise state of the earth, immediately before the present creation; that part of the geological record, so to speak, is written with strange characters, and is hardly legible. Until, then, we are able to know, with some degree of certainty, the geological condition of the earth immediately before the creation of man, it is, we

think, impossible to assert, whether the account given by Moses agrees or disagrees with the facts of geology."

"It is, however, to be borne in mind, that our ignorance of the true method of reconciliation between the facts of geology and the statements of revelation, does not prove that there is any real discrepancy. Both the geological facts, when fully demonstrated, and the scriptural declarations, when properly interpreted, are founded on truth, and cannot possibly contradict each other. We believe that there exists a reconciling principle between them, although from want of data we may not be able to discover it. Meanwhile, our ignorance ought to teach us caution and patience, but ought not for a moment to lead us to imagine that there is any real contradiction between science and revelation. Some of the theories alluded to in this chapter do not, so far as we can discern, directly contradict either geology or Scripture; and should, therefore, teach us that there need be no irreconcilable discordance. We are far from affirming or believing, that any one of these theories is the true solution of the difficulty; we merely assert, that this much they demonstrate, that in the Mosaic narrative of creation there need be no real discrepancy between the facts of science and the statements of revelation."

Little more however than negative praise can be awarded to Mr. Gloag's treatise. It contains no trace of original research, and the author's skill in using existing materials is of a very ordinary kind. Its pretensions however are not ambitious. The author simply aims at giving a clear and judicious outline of the points that have been raised in the discussion between the geologists and the theologians. For those who have neither the leisure nor the opportunity of studying more elaborate works, it is a convenient manual both of facts and opinions.

A Manual of Qualitative Analysis. By A. B. Northcote, F.C.S., and A. H. Church, F.C.S. (Van Voorst.)

A valuable purpose is accomplished by this compact volume. It is a complete Manual for Laboratory Students, while advanced experimenters will find in it ample information concerning the rarer subjects of research. It is a systematic work, perfectly representing the present condition of qualitative analysis. The atomic weights employed in it are those of Gerhardt. The alterations in them have long been made by continental chemists; in England they have been strongly recommended by the most eminent men in the science; and this Manual is adapted to the changes so proposed. We therefore strongly recommend it to professional attention.

FINE ARTS.

Greece: Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster, &c., &c. A new edition, carefully revised. With numerous Illustrations of the Scenery, Architecture, Costume, and Fine Arts of that Country. And a History of the Characteristics of Greek Art, by George Scharf, F.S.A. (John Murray.)

OR Dr. Wordsworth's "Greece" it were somewhat late in the day to write a review. Originally published in 1829, it has since, as the publisher tells us in his Preface, passed through three large editions, and "been translated into the French and Italian languages." It has taken its place therefore; and whatever be the merits or defects of its plan or execution, they are sufficiently known. Of no people can it be with more certainty said than of the ancient Greeks that to know them—in their external history and inner life, in their arts and their literature—you must know their country; and there is no one book in the language which is so well fitted as this to give the English reader a true, clear, and complete view of the Greece of antiquity, and of the present condition of its ancient monuments. And whilst at every step it recalls to the reader, by reference

to the poets and orators of free Hellas, the special associations of the soil he is travelling over, it shows by a profusion of woodcuts the actual aspect of the country.

This edition differs in many respects from former editions of Dr. Wordsworth's book. It has been entirely revised by the author, and both matter and illustrations have been arranged in a somewhat different and more convenient manner. It may therefore, we presume, be taken as the author's final revision of his work. But perhaps the chief feature of the present edition consists in Mr. Scharf's introductory treatise on Greek Art, written to supply an acknowledged deficiency in the work as it originally appeared. "When an object of art," says Mr. Scharf, "is removed from its original site, the scholar and the antiquary must be combined with the artist and historian before the imagination can be carried back to the realities of a more classic period of its existence. It is therefore the object of these introductory pages to attempt a combination so necessary and important; and thus to illustrate some of the more striking characteristics of Greek Art;—to compare them with each other, to assist in chronologically arranging the more important examples still remaining among us, so as to facilitate their comparison with the historians, and to prepare the reader for the classic descriptions contained in subsequent portions of this volume." This, as far as his limits would allow, Mr. Scharf has done in a very admirable way. He has gone over the whole range of Greek Art from its earliest dawn down to the reign of Constantine, dwelling chiefly on architecture and sculpture, but by no means neglecting paintings, vases, or coins. Like all that Mr. Scharf has written on Art, this sketch is marked by painstaking research, refined taste, and a clear unambitious style. In accordance with the plan of the volume, Mr. Scharf has not made references to his authorities; but having had occasion to investigate carefully one or two of the more important points discussed by him, we are able to say that he has not overlooked the latest or the best writers on particular branches of Greek Art, any more than those on the subject as a whole. And, what to the general reader will not be the least attractive feature of his essay, he has illustrated the ninety pages allotted to him with no less than 187 outlines, made with all his accustomed skill (though some of them we are sorry to see are somewhat coarsely engraved), of the best or most characteristic examples of every period of Greek Art. The publisher referring to this essay regrets that, owing to the narrow space to which he was limited, Mr. Scharf was unable to make it as complete as he desired. We are not sure that, in a work like the present, it could have been extended with advantage, or indeed without an obvious appearance of disproportion, but we take the liberty of suggesting to the author and publisher that a distinct treatise on Greek Art, written and illustrated as Mr. Scharf could write and illustrate it, tolerably complete in its survey, but compact in size, popular yet precise in description, and giving reference to authorities (to books, plates, and collections), would supply a marked want in our current literature, and would meet with a cordial welcome from a large circle of readers.

We must not part with this edition of Dr. Wordsworth's Greece without a word of commendation of the manner in which it is put before the public. It contains with Mr. Scharf's illustrations, the woodcuts in the body of the book, the steel plates and maps, somewhat over 500 engravings; and it is printed on a cream-coloured "toned paper," which is very agreeable to the eye, and which greatly improves the effect of the woodcuts. Altogether it is, as an illustrated book, one of the handsomest of the season, and it is decidedly the most successful in combining usefulness with elegance; for whilst its appearance renders it an ornament to the drawing-room table, its matter is of permanent value, and a full index renders it a convenient book of reference on questions which frequently occur to every class of readers respecting the topography, arts, and literature of ancient Greece.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Since we last alluded to the proceedings at this establishment there have been two hurried representations of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*—almost improvised in short. The management finding itself in a "fix," in consequence of the renewed indisposition of Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs acted as substitute for the English *prima donna*, and on the whole acquitted herself creditably. Mr. Harrison's *Fra Diavolo* is in no respect his best performance; nor can we greatly extol the humour—if humour that may be called which is chiefly grimace and extravagance—of Mr. Honey, as *Lord Alcaash*. In a small part this gentleman is always agreeable and effective, but when a prominent character is assigned him he is generally over-weighted, striving to atone by means of grotesque exaggeration for inability to grasp and sustain to the end its dramatic significance. Mr. Honey, however, was mated with a *Lady Alcaash* after his own heart, Miss Susan Pyne being just as exaggerated as himself. Nothing could be less diverting than the comic attempts of the two gentlemen who impersonated *Fra Diavolo's* associates, and nothing tamer than Mr. St. Albyn's *Lorenzo*. Once more, however, Mr. Alfred Mellon and his band, in spite of the *dramatis personæ*, redeemed the comparative mediocrity exhibited on the other side of the foot-lamps. The overture was a treat, and the instrumental accompaniments (although there had been no rehearsal) went smoothly almost from first to last. Yet what can be said of an institution boasting so much, and preferring such unexampled claims to patronage, where, if the *prima donna* is indisposed, a substitute must be sought *out-of-doors*, and where, if the first tenor should be ailing, no one of even middling pretensions is at hand to replace him.

Miss Louisa Pyne took her benefit on Saturday, when an English version of the *Figlia del Reggimento* (the old story—English versions of foreign operas made to pass for national art) was presented. It was now the turn for Mr. Harrison to be indisposed. Hoarseness had laid hold of him a few days previous, when, at an hour's notice, the *Bohemian Girl* was substituted for the *Trovatore* (out of the frying-pan into the fire). But Mr. St. Albyn who had "done" *Thaddeus* in the provinces, and was ready in the part, could boast, it would appear, no such familiarity with that of *Tony*, and was consequently forced to read the dialogue from a note-book, and omit the most salient musical points—the air, and the trio in the last act, for example. Under these circumstances it may be imagined how ill poor Donizetti fared. Mr. Mellon, nevertheless, dragged the opera through by force of energy and perseverance; while Miss Louisa Pyne, as *Maria*, obtained a complete and well-merited success, her vocalisation being finished and brilliant throughout, and her histrionic portrayal of the character both spirited and natural. The "*Convien partir*" (*Maria's* pathetic adieu to the regiment) and the florid and elaborate *cadenza*, in the well-known situation where the still untamed *vivandière*, urged on by *Sulpizio*, throws down her music and abandons her aunt's favourite song for the more congenial "*Rataplan*," were equally striking from wholly different points of view. *Maria*, indeed, should be one of Miss Louisa Pyne's most perfect achievements, and when the opera is more efficiently represented as a whole, we have little doubt she will succeed in impressing the public with that conviction. In the subordinate part of *Hortensius*, Mr. Honey proved the truth of what we have already stated with reference to his talent for filling up slight sketches with felicity; and as the prim old *Marchioness*, Miss Susan Pyne (though she "made up" too young) showed herself Mr. Honey's rival in the same art—an art, by the way, which cannot be too highly estimated. The *Sergeant* of Mr. Corri, whose success was in an inverse ratio to his endeavours, betrayed, by its entire absence, the importance in a dramatic sense of the quality we have just commended.

After the opera, the casting of bouquets—pre-

organised, by the ingenious *entrepreneur de succès* from Her Majesty's Theatre, in such an artful manner as to make it appear the act of the *bond fide* audience, several being projected simultaneously from different parts of the house—commenced in furious earnest. But, *cher entrepreneur!* why so many bouquets, dear at sixpence, and shabby at any price? Why, too, that case of *bonbons*, handed on to the stage from the lower proscenium box, as if Miss Pyne were expected to devour them, then and there, for the edification of the audience? *Proh pudor!*

And now the English Opera Company (by courtesy) has abandoned Drury Lane for Covent Garden, where the Queen has taken a box, and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have resolved to lay the foundation of a national lyric theatre, under the title of ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA. The theatre is to open on Monday with Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Satanella*, or *the Power of Love*, which consequently will only precede the Christmas pantomime by a very few days—for a pantomime is in preparation, which we cannot but regard as a serious mistake. In his brief and hoarse address on Saturday, Mr. Harrison only generally alluded to the shifting of quarters; but a sort of prospectus was circulated among the audience, upon which document we may offer a few remarks next week.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The new comedy by Mr. Bayle Bernard, which had so long been a standing announcement at the bottom of the bills of this house, was at last ushered before the town last Monday night. Its title, *The Tide of Time*, finds its application in the position of an old Shropshire squire, Mr. Pendarvis (Mr. Chippendale), who thoroughly imbued with the sentiments and prejudices of a past age, views with tragic dismay the spirit of modern progress, brought home to him in the shape of a railway cutting through his park, and a factory set up in the vicinity of his mansion, the owner of which—a self-made man of the Manchester school—by affording employment to the neighbouring population, and establishing schools for their children, has acquired an amount of popularity and influence which renders the old squire an entirely subordinate personage, where he had been accustomed to reign supreme. A Miss Sabina Crickhowell (Miss Poynter), a relative of Pendarvis, of Welsh extraction, and whose genealogical pretensions are accordingly of the most extravagant description, encourages him in all his obstinate prejudices. The return of his daughter from a foreign tour, and certain pecuniary misfortunes which overtake Mr. Pendarvis, are destined to bring about not only the reconciliation of the old Shropshire squire with his upstart neighbour but an union between their families. The precise course of events through which this issue is brought about, it is not in our power to relate, owing to the impenetrable obscurity in which the author has left, by the unskilful exposition and conduct of his plot, many of its most important details. A prating lawyer, the adviser of Pendarvis, and who acts as a universal go-between is the chief medium, through which certain circumstances powerfully affecting the principal characters are communicated to the audience, and it is consequently sufficient to lose one or two words, or misapprehend the meaning of a sentence in some very prosy narrative, to throw a veil of mystery over the proceedings of the characters to the end of the play. All that we can accordingly vouch for is that Mr. Spalding (Mr. Howe), the son of the obnoxious manufacturing neighbour, at the suggestion of the aforesaid lawyer, who is benevolently anxious to make up the feud, introduces himself to Pendarvis under the name of Brown, as a personage who is ready to negotiate a loan of which the agriculturist is in want. In Brown, Miss Pendarvis recognises a gentleman who had saved her life amidst the precipices of the Swiss mountains, and he is accordingly forced by the father, out of gratitude, to partake the hospitality of his mansion. Young Spalding shows himself an accomplished and well-bred gentleman, and wins, not only the personal esteem and regard, but

breaks down the class prejudices of his host, who begins to ask himself why, if one of the new, practical, money-making school, can be so unexceptionable in tone, the majority may not be equally so. His conquests are not restricted, however, to the male part of the household, and he exerts a decidedly favourable influence on the heart of *Miss Pendarvis*, but who is as yet too deeply imbued with the aristocratic spirit of the family to admit the impression, which she nevertheless betrays by an uneasy dissatisfaction, very like jealousy, at the understanding which grows up between her friend *Miss Trevor* (Miss Leman) and the interesting plebeian. In this position of affairs complete ruin overtakes the *Pendarvis* family through the failure of the county bank, and an opportunity is offered of testing *Spalding's* virtues still further, and contrasting them with the worldliness of their own relatives and supposed friends, when *Pendarvis* is deserted in his misfortune by the magnanimous *Sabrina Crickhowell* and his old friend *Sir Dornier Brasenby* (Mr. Compton), to whom he had destined his daughter's hand, and who, though fired by an abstract philanthropy, which inspires him to devote all his thoughts to schemes for the improvement of mankind, shrinks in horror from the wrecked household of his friend. *Spalding* comes forward, and not only saves the *Pendarvis* estates from the hammer, but gives up his time and labour to assist in re-establishing the squire's fortunes, by going over the accounts of the property, left in arrear for many years. Friendship is not of course *Spalding's* only motive, love for *Miss Pendarvis* having no doubt the largest share in prompting his devotion, of which however as he refrains from making his passion known, disinterestedness still remains the characteristic. Having accomplished his task, during the progress of which *Spalding*, still only known to them as *Brown*, had remained a guest of the *Pendarvises*, he resolutely brings his visit to a close, notwithstanding the old gentleman's entreaties and the young lady's more discreetly manifested wishes, an anonymous letter, in which he is accused of seeking to raise himself in society by an alliance with *Miss Pendarvis*, strengthening his determination. His secret of his real name, however, and of the chivalrous motives under which he is acting in bidding adieu to the family he so generously assisted, are accidentally disclosed, and as a reconciliation occurs at the same time between *Pendarvis* and the supposed authoress of the anonymous letter, *Miss Crickhowell*, who by the way espouses *Sir Dornier, Spalding's* scruples are vanquished, and he ceases to be the only obstacle to his own and *Miss Pendarvis's* happiness.

Certainly in such a story, though it lack novelty, the materials of dramatic interest were to be found. Unaccountably enough, however, in the case of so experienced a dramatist and so deliberate and careful a workman as Mr. Bernard, the interest is feebly grasped and still more feebly sustained, while a sense of inextricable perplexity as to the precise conditions of the various incidents is allowed to undermine the comfort of the spectator, and mar whatever pleasure he might derive from the many points of excellence displayed by the author. The only explanation that suggests itself for such an untoward result of his labours, is the author's over-intenseness on the satire and ethics of which he intended to make his play the vehicle, and which has seduced him into sacrificing action to dialogue. Though abounding in terse and polished writing, fresh and graceful images, quaint similes, and smart and original sallies, there is a great deal of talk that falls under none of these categories, and the general impression is one of prosiness and a too stilted didactic tone.

The comedy is generally speaking well-acted, and in particular it is indebted, as to its brighter moments, to Mr. Buckstone's drollery and vivacity in the part of *Molehill*, a small-minded country gentleman, whom we have not hitherto mentioned from his insignificant share in the plot, and to Mr. Compton's dry humour as the selfish, utopia-dreaming baronet. To combine gentlemanly refinement with the licence of low

comedy is a privilege which only Mr. Compton possesses. *Miss Reynolds*, as *Miss Pendarvis*, who for the first two acts takes up a large space in the action, while she inspires the reverse of interest, and has not an opportunity of being really pleasing till the third act, when misfortune has brought out the geniality of her nature, has an arduous task, to which she addresses herself with spirit and energy. Her warm-hearted simplicity and unforced gaiety in the latter part of the play, present here and there a touch of nature which was some compensation for previous and continued artifice. Mr. Howe, as in *Mr. Spalding, le beau rôle* so much cherished by all of his profession, never so pleased as when they unite in their imagined persons all the qualities and fascinations of a prince in a fairy tale. What belongs to manly vigour of character, and honest warmth of feeling, finds an excellent exponent in Mr. Howe, and as these are the chief ingredients of *Spalding's* nature, a large share of justice was done to the part by that actor, who, whatever his shortcomings may be, never errs from carelessness or obtrusive conceit. Mr. Chippendale's naturally cold and hard manner does not enlist much sympathy for *Pendarvis*, though it must be confessed it would be hard to effect this, under the most favourable circumstances.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—The Musical Society of London, which if it realises only one half of its professions can hardly fail to influence the progress of Art in this country, held a *conversazione* on Wednesday night at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street. One of the principal objects of this newly-formed institution is to bring amateurs and professors of music more frequently in social contact with each other. If the idea be not Utopian—and the still recent failure of the Musical Institute, projected with precisely similar views, scarcely encourages an opposite belief—there can be little doubt of the ultimate good that may be effected by its accomplishment. What, by the way, was the original aim of the "Réunion des Arts," which soon after its foundation degenerated into a medium for the exhibition of musical performers (*gratis*) before the friends and connections of Messrs. Goffrie and Kiallmark?—in a great measure the same as that of the Musical Institute and the Musical Society of London, if we are not very far wrong. We perceive the Society intends giving four public concerts in St. James's Hall, with full orchestra, and Mr. Alfred Mellon as conductor. This brings it (notwithstanding its protestations to the contrary) in direct opposition to the Philharmonic. Time will show. Meanwhile music progresses, and that at least is a gratifying fact.

In order to take advantage of the great concourse of strangers usually brought to London by the cattle show, Messrs. T. Chappell and Benedict, two of the largest shareholders in St. James's Hall, instituted last week a series of three entertainments, under the designation of "Popular Concerts," which attracted very large audiences. The programmes were suited, or presumed to be suited, to the bucolic, or presumed bucolic, tastes of the crowd that flocked to hear them, consisting for the most part of light and popular pieces, vocal and instrumental, requiring no great depth of line to fathom, no intellectual capacity beyond the most ordinary to appreciate. To enter into any detailed analysis of such performances would not come within the scope of THE LITERARY GAZETTE. It is enough therefore to say that at the second and third concerts, Mr. Sims Reeves introduced some of his most popular songs, among the rest "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balfé); that *Miss Dolby*, the most eminent in the list of female vocalists, gave (*entre autres choses*) Mr. Balfé's new setting of Professor Longfellow's "Daybreak;" that the Swedish singers, in their national costume (or costumes—for no two of them are dressed alike), were heard in several characteristic pieces; that Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Misses Poole, Stabbech, and Armstrong (a pupil of Mr. Frank Mori), Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Misses Marie de Villar and Behrens (from Mr. Hullah's concerts),

added a variety of contributions; and that all met with more or less favour, encores being rather more frequent than warranted by the average excellence displayed. There was also instrumental music. At the first concert, Sig. Piatti played a violoncello solo in his own incomparable style; at the second, Herr Engel, with considerable talent, another on the harmonium; and at each the pianoforte was conspicuous. Instead of six fantasias, as set down in the programmes, eleven were actually performed, every one without exception being re-demanded, and five with such persistence, that it was of no use resisting. The pianist was Miss Arabella Goddard. The "Popular Concerts," in short, were successful, and it is to be regretted that genuine art had so little to do with them. Four more are already announced to take place in January.

The ordinary two Christmas performances of the *Messiah* have been given by the Sacred Harmonic Society (the last yesterday evening). At the first, Mrs. Sunderland, from Yorkshire, sang the *soprano* music, for the most part so well, that we were surprised to find her replaced by Miss Louisa Vinning at the second. Signor Belletti, the bass on the first occasion, gave way to Mr. Weiss on the second. We prefer the Italian in the florid music, "Why do the nations!" especially, and the Englishman in the rest. As tenor and contralto it would be difficult to match, still less improve upon Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Dolby. The accustomed multitudes assembled on both occasions.

A line may record here that at the first meeting of the London contingent of the Handel Commemoration chorus, the choruses from *Balaazar* were tried. The number of singers was stated to be upwards of 1400. Would it not be better to commence at once with the works which are to be performed in the Crystal Palace at the Festival?

Mdme. Anna Bishop has returned to England quite as finished a singer, and far more expressive a musical declaimer than she left it. Her concert was not well attended, which would hardly have been the case had she held it elsewhere than at Exeter Hall. With a voice neither so rich and powerful as that of Mdme. Novello, nor so sweet and flexible as that of Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdme. Bishop unites the salient qualities of both, and is in all respects their equal as an artist, her florid execution rivaling that of the younger, and her handling of the *cantilena* that of the elder lady. Mendelssohn's "Infelice" was given better, we suspect, than any other singer, save and except Mdme. Goldschmidt, could now give it; and the "Gratias Agimus" of Gaglielmi (not of Cherubini, as a contemporary stated), was vocalised with a fluency so *naïf* and unimpeded as to invest it almost with a modern sentiment—Mr. Lazarus, in this instance, coming in deservedly for half the honours, on account of his clarinet *obligato*. Dramatic, too, in a wholly different sense from the "Infelice," was the comic duet between *Adina* and *Dulcamara*, in which Mdme. Bishop was associated with Sig. Belletti. Her ballad singing was good, though the ballads were not well selected. "Oft in the Stilly Night" (the best of the two), being but an insipid specimen of the ballad style. Mdme. Bishop was received with rapture, and recalled after every piece. There was an orchestra, conducted by Mr. George Loder (whose overture, *Marmion*, showed that neither Weber nor Spohr were unfamiliar to him), which accompanied Miss Arabella Goddard in the *Concertstück* of Weber deplorably, and the hackneyed duet of basses from the *Puritan* in such a manner as wholly to disconcert the singers—Signor Belletti and Mr. Weiss. In the second part, M. Wieniawski played some variations by M. Vieuxtemps on a Russian air, and Miss Goddard "Home Sweet Home;" both were performances of rare excellence, and both re-demanded with enthusiasm. There were other attractions, vocal and instrumental, more, indeed, than necessary for Mdme. Bishop's first concert after an absence of upwards of fourteen years. The accomplished lady would have done better to concentrate as much as practicable the attention of the public on herself.

At the Fourth Crystal Palace Concert the programme contained the first and most eccentric of the orchestral preludes composed by M. Berlioz for his unlucky opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, which, though it succeeded at Weimar, under the direction of Dr. Liszt, could only obtain one hearing at the Paris Académie, and one at the Royal Italian Opera in London. There was also Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, besides the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, very finely played by M. Sainton—so finely, indeed, that he merits still severer rating for omitting any portion of the work; and other interesting pieces, including "Ah perfido," and two ballads, by Miss Louisa Vinning. The construction of his programmes confers much credit on Herr Manns, the conductor.

Mr. Hullah's second concert (on Wednesday night) was interesting, and attracted an unusually large audience. The "Lauda Sion" of Mendelssohn, and the symphony in D of Beethoven, were given in the first part. The solo singers in the "Lauda Sion" were Miss Martin, Mdle. Behrens, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Weiss. Miss Martin is a beginner, and we should like to be able to say something in her praise; but at present we can extol neither her voice nor her style. In the second part we had Professor Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," for the first time in London. This cantata was highly successful at the recent Leeds music-meeting, and is, we think, likely to become popular all over the country. Compared with Mr. Macfarren's "May Day" (written for the Bradford Festival), it gains in elegance and spontaneity what it may lose in nervous force and thoroughly English character. Compared with Mr. Hatton's "Robin Hood" (written also for the Bradford Festival), it gains in every thing, being a work not merely graceful but highly finished, whereas the cantata of Mr. Hatton might have been composed by any tolerably gifted musician in a careless mood, or eager to supply the music-publisher with copy. Before, however, Professor Bennett's "May Queen" can be fully appreciated in London, it must be better executed than at St. Martin's Hall on Wednesday. The choruses went for the most part in a slovenly manner; while only one of the solo singers (Miss Banks, Mdle. Behrens, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss) did justice to the music. The exceptional commendation is intended for Mr. Weiss, whose encore in the capital bass song, "Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight," was most honourably earned. Two more pieces were re-demanded, namely, the tenor air, "O meadow clad in early green," sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and the chorus with soprano solo, "With a laugh as we go round"—Miss Banks attempting the solo. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, under the circumstances, was entitled to consideration, since, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves, he undertook the part set down for that distinguished artist at very short notice. The audience felt this, and applauded him accordingly. The reception accorded to the "May Queen" was triumphant—quite as much so, indeed, as at the Leeds Festival, where Professor Bennett, who directed the whole of the musical proceedings, was not merely a hero, but almost an idol. This would seem to indicate that the cantata possesses vitality—which, for our own part, we thoroughly believe. The composer was called for at the end, amidst reiterated shouts of applause, and being present, was, after some delay brought forward by Mr. Hullah. The "May Queen," we believe, is already published, in which case what we have to say about the poetry of Mr. Chorley and the music of Professor Bennett will find a more appropriate corner in the columns devoted to reviews of new music.

At the second concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, on Thursday evening (St. Martin's Hall) J. S. Bach's motet (No. 6) in B flat, for double choir was repeated; and, strange to say, the execution was less effective than on the first occasion. Altogether, the performances of the Choir were, comparatively speaking, unsatisfactory. The most agreeable feature of the concert was Mendelssohn's beautiful anthem, for soprano

solo, organ, and chorus—"Hear my prayer, O God"—in which the principal voice part was correctly, although tamely, given by Miss Hemming. To relieve the vocal pieces, there was some instrumental music—for piano, and piano with violin. The pianist was a nephew of the late Ferdinand Ries—Herr Adolph Ries—who performed an air with variations by his uncle (*Rheinweindlied*) with a heavy touch and imperfect mechanism. The violinist was Herr Louis Ries, who played a very absurd fantasia on airs from *Oberon* (Wolff and Viennetemps), his brother being at the piano. Mr. Leslie must believe the performances of his choir to be so irreproachable, that any sort of instrumental display may be safely introduced for the sake of variety; but he is wholly mistaken. Much better none at all than such exhibitions of mediocrity. At the third concert we are promised Mendelssohn's *Ave Maria* (for tenor solo and chorus), a new motet by Mr. Leslie himself, and one of the "prize compositions," to which we alluded some time since, and of which we shall have a word or two to say in a future impression.

M. Jullien's concerts terminate this evening. Since we spoke of them last in detail, three "Beethoven nights" have been given, with a success at least equalling that which followed the evenings devoted to Mendelssohn. As want of space prevented us from doing more than record the fact of the first and second having taken place, we may here briefly state that at each of these entertainments the programme included the overtures to *Leonora* and *Egmont*, and the symphony in C minor (entire); that at the second, M. Wieniawski played the first movement of the violin concerto, *un-classically* omitting the *andante* and *finale*; that at the second and third, the grand pianoforte concerto in E flat was presented (entire); and that at the last, the famous sonata for violin and pianoforte, dedicated to Kreutzer—M. Wieniawski being the violinist—created a sensation almost unprecedented. The pianist was Miss Arabella Goddard, who, on every occasion, wound up the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and vindicated the title conferred upon her, not only by compatriots, but by intelligent foreign critics, of the Queen of executive art in this country. To the "Beethoven night" succeeded a "Mozart night," equally honorable to M. Jullien, and equally acceptable to the public. Imagine a house crowded to suffocation, with no room to move an elbow in the promenade and galleries, listening with undisturbed attention and unequivocal delight to the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, the symphonies in E flat and C major (the incomparable *Jupiter*), both uncuttailed, and the greatest of all the pianoforte concertos—the one in D minor, Mendelssohn's especial favourite, and a masterpiece worthy to rank with the noblest inspirations of Beethoven. All these were finely performed; but the pianoforte concerto, presented for the first time at M. Jullien's concerts, was heard with a satisfaction that is indescribable. Never was Miss Goddard's playing more remarkable for all those qualities that have won for it unqualified admiration—never was it more faultless in execution, more chaste, and, in the fullest sense, *Mozartian* in style. M. Jullien's *prima donna* during the week has been Madame Anna Bishop, of whom we have spoken at length in another place, and who, together with M. Wieniawski, accompanies him on a provincial tour. The *Bal Masqué* took place on Monday. Whether, after his tour, M. Jullien will carry out the menace of his early prospectus, and travel round the globe, to civilise and refine it by the attraction of melody and harmony we have no means of knowing. Nevertheless, we have reason to believe, that, wherever his wandering spirit may conduct him, he will return by next winter, to enchant the English public, in whose favour he stands so high, with some of his own sparkling dance-music, and some more "nights" devoted to Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. He may possibly be eccentric—an "original" in his way—but we are not yet prepared to do without him. November and December in London without Jullien would be somewhat dreary to the pleasure-seekers of the metropolis; and our

readers will not be sorry to know that, in the winter of 1859, the Promenade Concerts, which, though twenty years old, are still in the vigour of life, will, *Deus volens*, in all probability be held in a much larger theatre than the Lyceum.

Pianists, amateur and professional, will be glad to learn that Rossini has taken to writing for their instruments; while lovers of French comic opera will equally rejoice to hear that M. Rémusat, having completed his arrangements, the St. James's Theatre is to open with a French lyric company, on Wednesday, the 28th inst.

GIFT BOOKS.

AMONG the additions to the long list of Christmas gift books which have been already noticed in our columns are the following, any of which there is ample time for Paterfamilias to procure for next Saturday, or for the London gentleman invited to spend his holidays with his country cousins, to obtain for production on Christmas Day, before going across the fields to church. Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone* has been daintily got up by Messrs. Longman; the white doe herself stands out in cameo on the cover, amid a wealth of gilded foliage; and the typography, by Mr. Vizetelly, is unexceptionable. The poem is illustrated by a great number of engravings, designed by Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. H. N. Humphreys, Mr. Woods introducing them to the public. We have a theory in reference to the illustration of first-class poetry, but will not now broach it, but elect to say that these small, soft, sympathetic pictures more nearly approach our ideal of what such things should be than many works of higher and grander pretension. The vignettes at the opening of the cantos are perfect. *Thomson's Seasons*, issued by Messrs. Nisbet, is in somewhat similar style, and where nearly similar, nearly as successful. Mr. Pickersgill and other artists, in addition to Messrs. Foster and Humphreys, have assisted in the adornment of a work excellently calculated for a present. The beautiful printing, by Messrs. Clark, Edinburgh, must be noted. Scarcely to be called books, in isolated form, though they will unite into very handsome books, are Messrs. Groombridge's *Gems from the Poets*, in which, for an exceedingly low price, we have some first class verse, and some charming specimens of coloured engravings—a great improvement in anything we have yet seen of the kind. A shower of children's books comes in daily, and children's friends can hardly go wrong in their purchases in these days, though such was by no means the case a few years ago. In our own memory there still lingers the nuisance of certain flippancies and profanities which were inadvertently thrown in a child's way, at a time when it reads with an avidity that insures notice for whatever is set before it. They have much to answer for who fix an unworthy thought in a young mind. Mrs. Harriet Myrtle (Low & Co.) takes her little friends to the "New Forest," and provides for them during the "visit" such a varied and delightful entertainment as one never hears of at real pic-nics, but which will charm in the perusal, and may suggest plans for happy days in summer. On the other hand, Mr. Peter Puzzlewell, one of Messrs. Griffith & Farran's authors, provides a book called "Home Amusements," which will be very acceptable this weather. It is a large collection of riddles of all kinds, with parlour games, and other diversions for in-doors. Mr. E. Landells, similarly introduced, writes the "Boy's Own Toy-maker," whence an ingenious lad may construct all sorts of toys for his brothers and sisters, and bows and arrows and angling apparatus for himself. The book begins with the paper boat, and rises to the dignity of complicated puzzle. Let us notice a new edition, by Messrs. Smith & Elder, of a very good little book called "The Parent's Cabinet," much to be recommended. The proprietors of the *Illustrated News of the World*, have issued their National Portrait Gallery in a separate form. It is very suitable both for a Christmas gift, and not for that only, but for permanent reference.

SHORT NOTICES.

Mendip Annals; or, A Narrative of the Charitable Labours of Hannah and Martha More in their Neighbourhood. Being the Journal of Martha More. Edited, with additional matter, by Arthur Roberts, M.A., Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk. (Nisbet & Co.) The journal of Martha More, which occupies by far the greater part of this volume, extends over the years 1789—1791. It records the indefatigable labours of the two ladies, whose names are on the title-page, to bring moral, religious, and intellectual influences to bear on the degraded population of Cheddar, and a few neighbouring villages. Their success seems to have been very great. The work contains letters from William Wilberforce, who first gave an impulse to their exertions, and from the Rev. John Newton, best known to many readers from his connection with and not very happy influence over the poet Cowper. The style of the journal is an exaggeration of the phraseology of a particular religious school, relieved by a kind of galvanic sprightliness and mild jocosity. The obstacles which the two ladies met with from clergymen of the old "Church and King" order, from "stony farmers" and their "saucy wives," and from the savagery and licentiousness of the labouring classes, afford us some slight glimpse of the state of rural society in England towards the close of the last century. This gives the book its principal value.

A Widow's Reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow. (Nisbet & Co.) This little volume gives us an interesting glimpse of domestic life in Lucknow during the siege. The writer is Mrs. Robert Henry Bartrum, whose husband, an officer in the Bengal Medical Service, was shot down as he entered the city with the relieving force. Mrs. Bartrum tells her sad story with simplicity and pathos. We have read it with more interest than many more ambitious narratives of more distinguished persons. The tale, we may add, is not one of mere endurance. There is an element of active adventure in it.

Among the pamphlets upon our table are "The Franchise: what shall we do to it?" published by Ridgway; and "Bible and Ritual Revision," a plan for the revision of the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, based upon the Norrisian Professor's Expositions of the Thirty-nine Articles. It is by the Rev. H. T. Day, D.C.L., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and it is published by Williams & Norgate. Dr. Hume's pamphlet on the "Condition of Liverpool, religious and social," has attained a second edition.

We have to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs. J. H. & J. Parker of a small volume by the Rev. Lewis P. Mercier, M.A., assistant reader at the Foundling of "Considerations Respecting a Future State," an essay comprising the substance of ten lectures delivered in the church of St. Thomas, Stamford Hill. Also of a translation of St. Anselm's Treatise, "Cur Deus Homo," "Cud-desdon College, by One who Knows it," and several sermons on different subjects. Messrs. Longman forward the Rev. J. Riddle's "Outlines of Scripture History"—an abridgment of Scripture History and of the History of the Jews between the periods of the Old and New Testaments.

The minor publications forwarded include a pamphlet on "Indian Policy," published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy; "Midnight Scenes" (second edition), a series of sketches of life in the streets, wynds, and dens of Glasgow, published by Tweedie; the "Commercial and Trader's Legal Guide," by T. H. Markham (Richardson Brothers); No. 1. of "Plain Papers on the Social Economy of the People" (Bell & Daldy); and a comprehensive pamphlet by Pliny Miles (Trübner & Co.), on "The Social, Political, and Commercial Advantages of Direct Steam Communication between Europe and America *via* Galway."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anderson (J.), Addresses to Young Men, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Atkinson (G. F.), Curry and Rice; or, Social Life in India, 4to. 21s.
Balfour (Mrs.), Morning Dew Drops, 4th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Baptist Reporter for 1888, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Barnes (W.), Homely Rhymes, in the Dorset Dialect, 2nd series, 12mo. 5s.

Bensley (H.), Book of Prescriptions, 2nd ed. 18mo. 6s.
Bremer (F.), Father and Daughter, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Brook (Mrs.), Working and Waiting, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Brough (J. C.), Fairy Tales of Science, 12mo. 5s.
Bullock (C.), Way Home; or, the Gospel in the Parable, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Children's Magazine for 1888, 4to. 1s. 6d.
Christy's Minstrel's Songs, Part 1, 4to. 1s.
Clarence (A. F.), Woman Hater, a Tale, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Curse of Cumberworth and Vicar of Roost, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Cyrill (St.), Commentaries in Lucæ Evangelium, 8vo. 22s.
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Fanny Rhymes by a Fanny Man, 4to. 1s. and 2s.
Galbraith and Haughton's Manual of Euclid, Books 4, 5, 6, 12mo. 2s.
Giants (The), Knights, and the Princess Verbera, 4to. 2s. 6d.
Grant (J.), Cavaliers of Fortune, post 8vo. 5s.
Guardian (The) Angel, 16mo. 10s. 6d.
Gullick (J.) and Tims (J.), Painting Popularly Explained, 12mo. 6s.
Guinness (H. G.), Sermons and Life, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Halliwell (J.), Nursery Rhymes of England, 5th ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Happy Hours at Wynford Grange, by Cutburt Bede, 16mo. 3s. 6d.
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Hassall (A. H.), The Unsettled and Unsettling, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Helen (Bertram), a Tale for the Young, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
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MISCELLANEA.

Mr. Noel Paton's engaging picture of "Home, or the Return from the Crimea," is now on view at Messrs. Lloyd Brothers & Co., 96, Gracechurch Street. It is a charming composition, full of truth and feeling.

The foundation stone of a public monument to the memory of distinguished officers educated at Westminster School, who fell in the Crimean war, of whom Lord Raglan and General Markham were among the number, has been laid in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

The *Scotsman* states that Mr. M. N. Macdonald Hume presented to the National Gallery (Edinburgh) an interesting and valuable portrait of Mrs. Hume's grand-uncle—Hume, the historian and philosopher. It is an excellent work of art, and by a Scotchman—Allan Ramsay, the son of the poet.

The *Times* is "requested to state that the subscription in aid of M. de Lamartine is still open at Messrs. Coutts's, Strand."

The *Gazette d'Augsborg*, the oldest journal in Germany, is about, it is said, to be published at Frankfurt, in order to gain a little more freedom.

The Middle-class examinations, instituted by the University of Cambridge, commenced on Tuesday at Cambridge, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Grantham, Liverpool, London, and Norwich. The following gentlemen conducted them: Cambridge, Rev. W. Emery; Birmingham, Rev. S. G. Phear; Brighton, Rev. H. Latham; Bristol, Rev. J. Lamb; Grantham, Mr. E. J. Routh; Liverpool, Mr. G. D. Living; London, Mr. A. Vansittart and Mr. E. Headlam; Norwich, Mr. A. Montague Butler.

DULWICH COLLEGE.—Several vacancies having occurred through death and otherwise in the list of governors appointed by the Court of Chancery, the following have been appointed to fill up the vacancies, viz.:—His Grace the Duke of Wellington, Dr. Percy, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Robert Wrench, Esq., and S. J. Nail, Esq.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending December 11, 1888, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 2416; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 2902; on the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 443; one Students' evening, Wednesday, 443. Total, 6204. From the opening of the Museum, 698,147.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

Saturday next being Christmas Day, the publication of "THE LITERARY GAZETTE" will take place on the morning of Friday, the 24th inst.

BRINLEY RICHARDS'S "ETHEL." A New Romance for the Piano. Price 2s., post free. London: DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent Street.

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